Sushil Kumar De

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ANCIENT INDIAN EROTICS AND EROTIC LITERATURE

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AND
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PREFACE

The preface to the first edition (1929) of this monograph on the Treatment of Love began with an apology, which is still to be repeated; because without entire rewriting, it was not found possible to improve upon the original essay. The preface to that edition, however, made clear its modest scope in the following words: "This little essay is meant more for the general reader than for the scholar and the specialist, more as an appreciation than as a piece of original investigation. All niceties of critical scholarship have, therefore, been avoided, and the previous work of scholars on Sanskrit literature in general has been freely utilised. Special acknowledgment is due in this respect to the writings of Winternitz, Keith, Mrs. Rhys Davids and others. Standard translations have generally been followed in the quotations from Vedic, Sanskrit and Prakrit, with such modifications as were deemed necessary. In every case, however, the original has been consulted. Where a passage has not been previously translated (as is the case mostly with quotations from Classical Sanskrit and Prakrit authors), the responsibility is entirely that of the writer of this essay. Rendering in an alien tongue has been difficult and imperfect, but it has been made more with reference to the spirit than to the letter of the passage rendered. Although the subject possesses great interest and importance, no scholar has yet given a special or systematic treatment of it as a whole. The writer of this essay ventures to hope that he has been able, however imperfectly, to supply an outline of a vast and difficult subject, with a treatment that is his own."

Calcutta
1959

S. K. DE

This volume contains two separate monographs of the distinguished author. The first on the *Treatment of Love in Sanskrit Literature* was published in 1929, but it had been long out of print. The second on *Ancient Indian Erotics* is here published for the first time.

We hope to publish in this series most of the out-of-print or unpublished writings of the author on Sanskrit Literature and Sanskrit Poetics.

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TREATMENT OF LOVE IN SANSKRIT LITERATURE

TREATMENT OF LOVE IN SANSKRIT LITERATURE

1. PRE-CLASSICAL LITERATURE

The earliest Indian poems, which give a passionate expression to the emotion of love, are to be found in two so-called Vedic ballads or Saṁvāda hymns in the tenth book of the *Ṛg-veda*. The first of these (*Ṛg-v.* x. 95) is a poem of eighteen stanzas, supposed to consist of a dialogue between Purūravas, a mortal, and Urvaśī, a divine maiden. This romantic story of the love of a mortal for a nymph has been retold in Indian literature, and no less a poet than Kālidāsa has taken it as the theme of one of his finest dramas. But the Ṛg-vedic hymn takes it up at that point where Urvaśī, who had lived with Purūravas for years on earth, had vanished "like the first of dawns"; and Purūravas, having found her after a long search, was pleading in vain that she might return to him. The *Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa* supplies the untold details of this ancient myth and weaves fifteen out of the eighteen verses of the *Ṛg-veda* into its brief and bald narrative; but the Ṛg-vedic hymn, though obscure in many places and cast in the form of a dialogue, gives a fine lyric expression to the ardent but hopeless pleadings of Purūravas and the somewhat cold but no less pathetic rejoinder of Urvaśī. Addressing her as his "fierce-souled spouse" he implores her to tarry a moment, and reason together for a while :

> Let the gift brought by my piety approach thee.
> Turn thou to me again ; for my heart is troubled.

To which *la belle dame sans merci* replies :

> What am I to do with this thy saying?
> I have gone from thee like the first of mornings.
> Purūravas, return thou to thy dwelling;
> I, like the wind, am difficult to capture.

Rebuking her for her inconstancy, Purūravas recalls in vivid language the days of pleasure they had passed together ; but the only consolation which Urvaśī deigns to give him is her promise to send him the son who will be born to them. Even when, in despair, Pururavas speaks of self-destruction and wants to throw himself from the rocks to the fierce wolves, she only replies:

> Nay, do not die, Purūravas, nor perish;
> Let not the evil-omened wolves devour thee.
> With women there can be no lasting friendship.
> Hearts of hyenas are the hearts of women!

The other passionate poem in the *Ṛg-veda* is the dialogue of Yama and Yamī in *Ṛg-v.* x. 10. There can be no doubt that the ancient myth of the descent of the human race from primeval twins underlies the conversation and explains Yamī's attempt, fruitless so far as the hymn goes, to impel her brother Yama to accept and make fruitful her proffered love; yet the poet, with a more refined sentiment than the legend itself, is apparently uneasy regarding this primitive incest and tries to clear Yama of the guilt. In ardent words the sister endeavours to win the brother's love, persuading him that the gods themselves desire that he should unite himself with her in order that the human race may not die out:

> I, Yamī, am possessed by love of Yama,
> That I may rest on the same couch beside him.
> I as a wife would yield me to my husband,
> Like car-wheels let us speed in the same task.

But Yama repulses her advances as a sin which the ever watchful gods would condemn:

> They stand not still, they never close their eyelids,
> Those sentinels of gods who wander round us.
> Not me,—go quickly, wanton, with another,
> Whirl round with him like the wheels of a chariot.

To which she replies with more passion than reason:

> Is he a brother when she hath no lord?
> Is she a sister when destruction cometh?
> Forced by my love these many words I utter—
> Come near me and hold me in thy close embrace.

And on his repeated refusal she bursts forth:

> Alas, thou art indeed a weakling, Yama;
> We find in thee no trace of heart or spirit.
> As round the tree the woodbine clings,
> Another, and not I, girdle-like will cling round thee.

Here the hymn ends. This poem, as well as the one noted above, is unfortunately a torso, but a torso which gives evidence of direct and forceful expression. Both give expression to the yearnings of fruitless love, and both draw upon legendary popular material, which was probably not on a level with the higher ethical standard of the Ṛg-vedic poet. Modern taste may be equally fastidious, but both deserve praise as the first known love-poems in world-literature.

As a commentary on the last passionate hymn we have a suggestive little tale in the *Maitrāyaṇī Saṁhitā* (1.5.12) which gives, on its basis, a fine legend of the origin of day and night :

> Yama had died. The gods tried to persuade Yamī to forget him. Whenever they asked her, she said : "Only to-day he has died." Then the gods said : "Thus she will indeed never forget him : we will create night." For at that time there was only day and no night. The gods created night ; then arose a morrow ; thereupon she forgot him.

But later Vedic literature is singularly devoid of such full-blooded poems as those quoted above, although the power of the sex to enthrall and disturb is fully acknowledged. The marriage-verses of the *Ṛg-veda,* of which we have an enlarged collection in the *Atharva-veda* xiv, are of a peaceful and sociable character and consist chiefly of benedictions, as well as magic spells and songs, relating to marriage and the begetting of children. But more numerous and interesting are the spells in the nature of wild exorcisms and curses which refer to love-intrigues and disturbances of married life. The two "sleeping spells" (*Ṛg-v.* vii. 55; *Atharva-v.* iv. 5) have been interpreted as "charms at an assignation", in which a lover, stealing to his sweetheart at night, says : "May the mother sleep, may the dog sleep, may the eldest in the house sleep, may her relations sleep, may all the people round about sleep." We have references also to the primitive superstitious belief that by means of the picture of the beloved one can harm or obtain power over him or her by piercing the heart of the picture with an arrow which has a barb of thorn and feather of an owl, and by reciting the following magic verses (*Atharva-v.* iii. 25) :

> May love, the disquieter, disquiet thee. With the terrible arrow of Kāma do I pierce thee in the heart. The arrow, winged with longing,

> barbed with love, whose shaft is undeviating desire, with that, well aimed, Kāma shall pierce thee in the heart.........Consumed by burning ardour, with parched mouth, do thou (woman), come to me, with thy pliant pride laid aside, mine alone, speaking sweetly and to me devoted.

This is prescribed for the man who desires to obtain the love of a woman. The woman acts in a similar way, but the verse she recites is different (*Atharva-v.* iv. 130. 4; 131. 1) :

> Madden him, Maruts, madden him. Madden, madden him, O Air.
> Madden him, Agni, madden him. Let him consume with love of me.
> Down upon thee, from head to foot, I draw the pangs of longing love.
> Send forth desire, Ye Deities ! Let him consume with love of me.

The later *Kauśika Sūtra* mentions manifold kinds of love-magic and its rites, which are called *strī-karmāṇi* or "women's rituals" and for which these Vedic songs and spells were freely utilised. In some of these magic spells which, for instance, a woman uses in the attempt to oust her rivals, language of unbridled wildness and hatred finds free expression.

There are numerous references in Vedic literature to unmarried girls who grow old, like Ghoṣā, in the house of their fathers and who adorn themselves in the desire of marriage or of a lover ; and '*kumārī-putra*' is already mentioned in the *Vājasaneyi-Saṁhitā* (xxx. 6). Although polygamy was freely allowed, the marriage-tie was not lightly regarded, and the position of the woman in the house-hold was one of honour and dignity ; but the existence of free love and secret lover is evidenced by the curious ritual of Varuṇapraghāsa in which the wife of the sacrificer is questioned as to her lovers. In the famous hymn, usually known as the Gambler's Lament (*Ṛg-v.* x. 34. 4), a reference seems to be made to the gambler's wife being the object of other men's intrigues, and in another hymn (x. 40, 6) mention is made of a woman resorting to her rendezvous. The word *puṁścalī* "running after men" is already found in the *White Yajurveda* (xxx. 22) and *Atharva-veda* (xv. 2. 1 et seq): while *jāra* in the early texts had not yet acquired a sinister sense but was applied generally to any lover. Judging from the vehemence with which women used to utter magic spells for the destruction of their rivals or co-wives, one would think that the course of free love did not run smooth even in those days. References to hetaera are seen in many passages even in the *Ṛg-veda* : while the word *sādhāraṇī* is used not so much with reference to *uxor communis* but to the courtesan generally. Although the Vedic gods are, as a rule, sexually moral, sensuous imagery is often employed in describing them. Uṣas is said (i. 124. 7) to display her form, smilingly, as a loving and well-dressed woman does to her lover. Levirate marriage, in which is found the germs of the later practice of Niyoga, was allowed in the case of the widow; but the imagery used in this connexion suggests that it was more often a form of love-union than the fulfilment of a social practice. In one hymn, for instance, the Aśvins are questioned as to where they were by night (x. 40. 2) :

> Who draws you to his house, as a widow does her husband's brother to the couch, or a woman does a man ?

Different views seem to have been entertained with regard to the character of women. While on the one hand, her good qualities are mentioned and praised, we have, on the other, vehement invectives against her fickleness and her impurity—a note which characterizes so much of later religious and didactic literature. The general opinion appears to be intimated in the following words put into the mouth of Indra (*Ṛg-v.* viii 33. 17) :

> Indra declared that the mind of a woman was ungovernable and her temper fickle.

But later Saṁhitās go further The *Maitrāyaṇī Saṁhitā* (I. x. 11 ; III. vi. 3) describes woman as untruth and classifies her with dice and drink as the three chief evils. In the *Taittirīya-Saṁhitā* (VI. v. 8. 2) a good woman is ranked even below a bad man, and the *Kāṭhaka-Saṁhitā* (xxxi) alludes sarcastically to her ability to obtain things from her husband by cajolery at night. All this paves the way to the general attitude of the Brāhmaṇa literature in which the woman occupies a decidedly lower position than she did in the age of the earlier Saṁhitās.

We have also in the Vedic texts a foreshadowing of the personification of love in the figure of a deity, which became so conspicuous in later literature, although we have no evidence of the worship of erotic forces or of love as the central deity of an erotic cult, which must have evolved in later times. In the *Ṛg-veda* itself Kāma appears to be nothing more than an abstract personification, meaning "Desire" generally. In the famous Nāsadīya Sūkta (x. 129. 4) Kāma or Desire is said to have been the first movement that arose in the One after it had come to life, somewhat in the same way as Eros, the god of love, is connected by Greek mythology with the creation of the universe. This Kāma or Desire, not of sexual enjoyment but of good in general, is conceived in the *Atharva-veda* as a great cosmical power superior to all the gods and sometimes identified with Agni or Fire. But in the *Atharva-veda* itself we have other hymns in which the idea of Kāma as the god of love is distinctly foreshadowed. One of the spells already quoted above mentions the arrows with which the disquieter pierces hearts, arrows which are winged with pain, barbed with longing and has desire for its shafts. He is the forerunner of the flower-arrowed god of love, whose appearance, names and personality were established in the Epics and became fully familiar in later classical literature. The conception of Kāma, later on, was not confined mainly to poetry and art, but he became the centre of an actual cult, and festivals were held in his honour.

If the earlier Vedic literature is not very rich in love-poems, one would search in vain for the blossoming of such poetry in the desert of desolate theological speculation of the extensive Brāhmaṇa literature. In the *Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa* the story of the love and separation of Purūravas and Urvaśī is, no doubt, related with some fulness, and an allusion is made to the story of Duṣyanta and Śakuntalā; but the romanic possibilities of the love-tales were unknown or were rigidly excluded by the authors of these uninspiring documents. Eroticism also played an unmistakable part in some of the fertility rites described in the Brāhmaṇas, but eroticism here was subservient to religious theory and practice and never came into prominence.

It would seem that in the exclusively religious literature of the Veda there was hardly any scope for poetry of this type. Neither the dialogue-hymns quoted above not the spells and incantations can be strictly regarded as forming a part of the orthodox Vedic literature of the usual type. The tradition of ritual literature did not know what to make of these secular Ṛg-vedic poems and could not ascribe any satisfactory ritual use for them. We must, therefore, admit that we have in these romantic Vedic dialogues the remnant of a style of literature which was essentially of the nature of folk-poetry, as distinguished from the orthodox sacredotal poetry of Saṁhitās, but which died out in the later Vedic period.

That such a profane literature in its early phase must have been contemporaneous with the religious and sacerdotal literature of the Vedas is indicated not only by the existence of hymns, spells and narratives of a secular type in the Vedas themselves, but also by the growth, side by side, of the rich Pali literature of tales, legends and *gāthās* on the one hand, and the earliest form of Epic stories on the other. It is unfortunate, however, that neither Pali literature nor the Epics have preserved any complete poem of the erotic type, although it can hardly be denied that the under-current of profane poetry, which had love as one of its important themes and which supplied the leaven to some of the Epic tales and Buddhist stories, continued down to the later Sanskrit and Prakrit poetry of Amaru and Hāla.

The Buddhist view of life was hardly favourable to the development of true love-poetry, and the conception of the love-god as Māra or Death is indeed typical. Even in the *Therīgāthā* or Psalms of the notable Sisters of the Buddhist order, for instance, we have little metrical memoirs or cameos of thought, which are indeed interesting as conjuring up for us a dream-peagant of these little women of the antique world, bent upon a high quest with a devoted heart and indomitable resolve; but in these utterances of the Indian Marys and Magdalenes we search in vain for an expression of those human needs and emotions which are covered by the word 'love'. Mrs. Rhys Davids, who has translated these pslams ably, has remarked with great discernment that for these pale women of the past the glory of saintship was not a white light but it appears prismatic through the circumstances and temperament of each. Here and there, we catch therefore a glimpse into the heart of the woman, but the tender emotion is rigidly excluded in the glory of spiritual attainment. Only in the poem attributed to Bhaddā Kāpilāni we find a tender personal note; but here also spiritual comradeship alone is claimed. Before she entered the Order and earned fame as a teacher, Bhaddā was the wife of Mahākassapa who became the leader of the Buddhist Order after the Buddha's death. They helped each other in donning the religious garb, they left the world together, and then they parted on their several ways to the Buddha, thereafter enjoying still good comradeship in the Order. In her writings she glories in her former husband's virtues and in their spiritual friendship and common vision of the truth :

> Son of the Buddha and his heir is he,
> Great Kassapa, master of self, serene.
> The vision of far, bygone days is his,
> Ay, heaven and hell no secrets hold from him......
> We both have seen, both he and I, the woe
> And pity of the world, and have gone forth.
> We both are Arhants, with selves well tamed.
> Cool are we both, ours is Nibbana now.

Elsewhere she says :

> Thereafter soon I won the rank of Arhant.
> Ah ! well for me who held the friendship wise and good
> Of glorious Kassapa.

It is a pathetic touch, however, that while she speaks in such terms of adoration of the gifts of her former husband, his much longer poems have no word concerning her.

It is remarkable, again, that none of these psalms of the sisters is tinged with a touch of that erotic mysticism which expresses religious longings in the language of earthly passion ; nor do they reveal any word of quasi-amorous self-surrender to the person or image of the Beloved Saviour, such as characterize not a little of that Christian literature for which the Song of Solomon—'I am my Beloved's and my Beloved is mine'—was the sacred archetype. This is what distinguishes the Indian nuns from their Christian sisters, who gave utterance to hymns laden with passionate yearnings for the closer communion with Christ as the Beloved. The Buddha is never conceived as the Bridegroom nor is the church his Bride. Here we have no tradition of a *youthful* saviour, round which quasi-erotic ideas may have easily evolved. Filial love alone is the form wherein the Buddhist sister gave expression to her feelings for the Founder of the Order, whom she saw first perhaps late in his long life.

The only pretty love-song which breathes freely the atmosphere of human sentiment is the one called the Question of Sakka in the *Dīgha-Nikāya.* In all probability it is an old non-Buddhistic *gāthā* which has curiously found its way into the canonical Sutta; for it is a pure love-song which has hardly any relevancy in the context in which it occurs. Addressing the lady as the Glory-of-the-Sun, which was probably her name, the Gandharva sings in passionate words :

> Sweet as the breeze to one foredone with sweat,
> Sweet as a cooling drink to one athirst,
> So dear art thou, O presence radiant,
> To me dear, as to Arhants the Truth.
> As medicine bringing ease to one that's sick,
> As food to starving man, so, lady, quench,
> As with cool waters, me who am aflame.

His impatience knows no bounds :

> E'en as an elephant with heat oppressed,
> Hies to some still pool, upon whose face
> Petals and pollen of the lotus float,
> So would I sink within thy bosom sweet.
> E'en as an elephant fretted by the hook
> Dashes unheeding curb and goad aside,
> So I crazed by the beauty of thy form,
> Know not the why and wherefore of my acts.
> By thee my heart is held in bonds, and all
> Bent out of course ; nor can I turn me back,
> No more than fish, once he hath ta'en the bait.

With great ardour he bursts forth :

> Within thine arms embrace me, lady, me
> With thy soft languid eyne embrace and hold.
> O nobly fair ! This I entreat of thee.

She is the summum bonum of his life, the ripened fruit of all his merit :

> Whate'er merit to the holy ones
> I've wrought, be thou, O altogether-fair,
> The ripened fruit to fall therefrom to me.

His quest of her is likened daringly to the quest of the Buddha for enlightenment :

> As the Great Sakya Seer, through ecstasy
> Rapt and intent and self-possessed, doth brood
> Seeking ambrosia, even so do I
> Pursue the quest of thee, O Glory-of-the-Sun !

> As would that Seer rejoice, where he to win
> Ineffable Enlightenment, so I
> With thee made one, O fairest, were in bliss !

And he has no other boon to ask from his God :

> And if perchance a boon were granted me
> By Sakka, lord of three-and-thirty gods,
> 'Tis thee I'd ask of him, lady, so strong my love !

This exquisite little love-song is like a little oasis in the immense and arid tract of Brahmanical and Buddhistic literature of many centuries ; but it is also a sure indication that in the popular *gāthās,* of which this is the only surviving specimen, love must have been an important theme. If it was not favoured by the prince or the priest, it surely had an irresistible appeal to the keener and more robust perceptions of the unsophiscated people at large.

The same attitude towards love is also illustrated by the Epic literature. The Epic poetry with its serious and didactic bias is not rich in what may be called love-poetry in the strict sense of the term. Love as a motif runs through most of the episodic stories, as for instance, in those of Sāvitrī, Śakuntalā or Damayantī ; and the love of Rāma and Sītā form the main theme of one of the great Epics. Later poets have glorified these themes in their immortal poems and dramas : but the earlier Epic poet is mainly concerned with the narrative rather than the lyric possibilities of the subject. The only fine passage which describes the lover's pang of separation and rises almost to a lyric rapture is that in the Sundara Kāṇḍa of the *Rāmāyaṇa,* where Rāma, seized with grief and despair, laments and wanders through the forest in search of his lost wife ; but here also the passage is mainly descriptive.

The absence of true love-poetry in the Epics may also be partially explained by the position which women held in the Epic society and the relation which existed between the sexes. No doubt, women enjoyed a considerable measure of freedom and respect, and the commanding position held in the household by Kauśalyā, Gāndhāri and Satyavatī is in conformity with the earlier traditions of the Vedic period. Love-matches were allowed among warrior-classes, and self-choice of husband (*svayaṁvara*), though not recognised in the Smṛtis, plays a great part in the Epics. Yet after all is said, it cannot be affirmed that in the Epic age woman, if not in theory, at least in practice, was recognised as the equal of man; and nothing is more significant of the practical character and prosaic morality of the Epic age than its attitude toward love and marriage. What is principally idealised in the Epics is conjugal love; but the obligation of chastity was laid on the weaker sex, and practically no limits were set to the licence of man. Although fidelity to a single spouse was viewed with approval, polygamy and concubinage remained unchecked and seemed to have brought no disgrace either to man or to the gods; for woman was viewed, if not directly as a chattel, certainly as an object created for the use and enjoyment of man. The picture of the Epic heaven with its epicurean and sensual gods and its glorified courtesans is truly indicative of the Epic man's attitude towards love and regard for his woman. The same impression of woman's inferiority is left on the reader's mind by the otherwise extremely pathetic lament of Gāndhārī in the *Strī-vilāpa-parvādhyāya*. This degradation of womanhood probably began, as we have already noted, from the age of the Brāhmaṇas, but it certainly reached its climax among certain classes in the Epic age. The only exception—and the most honourable exception—is the case of Daśaratha's sons, whose faithfulness to their single spouses deserves all praise; for this certainly does not appear to have been the *dharma* of the princes, if it was of the people. On the other hand, the stronger-minded Draupadī is not the typical woman of the higher orders of this age, nor is Sāvitrī who is merely the embodiment of an ideal, but the helpless Sītā who suffered for no fault of her own.

It must not, however, be supposed that love as a sentiment was not favoured in this age. On the other hand, it must have been one of the powerful forces moulding the ordinary man's life. It supplied the leaven to the main plot of the Epics which must have had a popular legendary origin, and it is the main pivot round which move some of the romantic episodic stories, which were doubtless derived in the beginning from entirely popular sources. But at the same time neither the culture of the age nor its social environment was favourable to the development of pure love-poetry in the orthodox literature of the higher classes, which was dominated in the main by a serious and didactic motive.

2. CLASSICAL SANSKRIT POETRY

It is not indeed, until we come to what is known as the classical period of Sanskrit literature that we find erotic poetry blooming in its fulness; and it was this poetry which redeemed and vindicated the claims of woman as an object of divinely inspired passion. When we come to this period of Sanskrit literature we find that from its very dawn love had established itself as one of its dominant themes. In Patañjali's Mahābhāṣya, belonging at the latest to the 2nd century B. C., we have references to the tales of Yavakrīta, Priyaṅgu and Yayāti, of Vāsavadattā, Sumanottarā and Bhīmaratha. Nothing is said of the details of these stories, but we know that one at least of these, the tale of Vāsavadattā, must have had love as its underlying theme. Patañjali also quotes verses in the ornate measure of the classical period, and one fragment at least of a line is clearly erotic in subject in its description of the morning:

> O fair-limbed one, the cocks unite to proclaim!

The full verse is fortunately supplied twelve centuries later by Kṣemendra, who quotes it in his *Aucitya-vicāra* but attributes it wrongly to Kumāradāsa:

> O fair-limbed one, timid of the first union,
> Leave your lover, abandon the close embrace!
> The cocks unite to proclaim
> That here is now the break of dawn!

We have also a tradition recorded by several Sanskrit authors that there was a poet, named Pāṇini, who wrote one poem with two different names or two poems entitled *Pātāla-vijaya* and *Jāmbavatī-vijaya*, who excelled in composing verses in the Upajāti metre and to whom several verses in this metre are ascribed in the older anthologies. As Indian tradition knows only of one Pāṇini who wrote the famous grammar, it is not unlikely that the grammarian may have also been a poet. Most of these verses attributed to Pāṇini are in the fanciful vein but some are distinctly erotic in theme. Here is a description of the evening:

> So close hath the moon, flushed with the glow of passion, seized the face of night, lovely with the twinkle of stars, that in her love she hath not noticed that her mantle of darkness had slipped off to her feet in the east.

> When the West united with the Sun her face was ruddy : the face of the East was dark. There is no woman who is not jealous.

If Aśvaghoṣa, the earliest known writer in the Kāvya-style whose works have come down to us, does not directly utilise the motive of love in his quasi-religious poems, the anonymous hetaera-drama, which was discovered in Central Asia along with Aśvaghoṣa's dramatic fragment and which apparently belongs to the same period, figures a courtesan and a rogue as chief characters and could not have been meant entirely for purposes of religious edification. The episode of Nanda and Sundarī, however, especially in the fourth canto of Aśvaghosa's well-known poem, is in the best style of ornate classical poetry in its description of the love of the young couple. But the ascetic in Aśvaghoṣa gets the upper hand of the poet, and he never misses the opportunity of echoing the old denunciation of woman as the source of all evil :

> Passionate women cause intoxication : women without passion cause fear. Since they bring only fear and trouble, why should one resort to them ?

He raises his voice of warning that

> In the words of women there is honey :
> In their heart there is deadly poison.

Repeating this half-verse in his *Śṛṅgāra-śataka*, Bhartṛhari wittily suggests a practical application, at which Aśvaghoṣa himself would perhaps have frowned with disgust:

> Hence doth one drink from those lips,
> And strike at that heart with the fist !

Even if love-poems are not profuse in the earliest specimens of classical Sanskrit literature, it must not be supposed that the passionate element in human nature had in the meantime failed to find an adequate expression. Love had not yet come to its own in the Kunstpoesie, in the polished and artificial Kāvya-poetry ; but in folk-literature, the tradition of which is to a great extent preserved in Prakrit, it must have formed an absorbing theme. Much of this popular literature, which must have developed very early, appears to have been lost ; but as we have already pointed out, we can surmise its vogue from the way in which the erotic Pali *gāthā*, called the Question of Sakka, found its way delightfully into the sacred text of the

Dīgha-Nikāya, as well as from the undoubted leavening it must have supplied to the tales of the epic and its erotic passages. The impassioned secular hymns of the *Ṛg-veda,* which we have already quoted above and which are indeed out of place in the text and in the context in which they occur, probably formed the starting point as well as the prototype of this popular emotional literature; and a tradition of such poetry must have survived through long centuries as a strong under-current, only occasionally coming to the surface in the more conventional literature. It is perhaps for this reason that the earliest erotic poetry of the classical period is to be found not so much in Sanskrit as in Prakrit; and one of the largest collections of such early erotic verses, going under the name of Hāla, belongs to Prakrit literature. This Prakrit poetry is doubtless as conventional as the Sanskrit and is not folk-literature in its true sense; but these early Prakrit verses, popular among the masses, had love as their principal theme. There is no evidence to show that Prakrit love-poetry was the prototype of the later Sanskrit, but the presumption is strong that the erotic sentiment, which had diffused itself in popular literature, must have survived in Prakrit poetry, and that, later on, it invaded the courtly literature written in Sanskrit, ultimately becoming its almost universal theme.

Whatever might have been the origin, the tradition of love is ubiquitous in classical Sankrit literature. As a motif it is almost exclusively predominant in Sanskrit drama, practically overshadowing every other sentiment. It finds not a small place in the Mahākāvya in its inevitable erotic episodes; and even pious Hindu and Jaina authors are not abhorrent of a fulsome description of amorous acts and emotions. But these inelegant digressions[1], introduced for elegant effect, do not really concern love but the art of love, being inspired more by the Kāma-śāstra (Erotics) than by any exuberance of poetic feeling; and as such they cannot be regarded as specimens of love-poetry in the proper sense. Exceptions may be made in favour of Kālidāsa's passionate Lament of Rati (*Kumāra*° iv),

[1] As for instance in *Kumāra*° viii; *Raghu*° xix; *Kirāta*° vii-ix; *Siśu*° vii-x; Hara-vijaya xvii-xx, xxii-xxviii; *Kapphiṇābhyudaya* viii-xv; *Naiṣadha* vii, xvi, xviii-xx; *Dyāśraya-kāvya* (Hemacandra) vii and *Kumārapāla-carita* iv; *Nemi-nirvāṇa* (Vāgbhaṭa) x, etc.

modelled perhaps on Aśvaghoṣa's Lament of Sundarī (*Saundarananda* vi), and his more pathetic Lament of Aja (*Ragh*° viii); but even these great Kāvya-poets, concerned as they are with love, admit such themes only incidentally as lyric interpreters of the epic tradition. Sanskrit love-poetry as such seldom stands by itself, nor is it lyric in the technical sense. From the beginning it is mixed up with narrative or descriptive matter, as for instance, in the Mahākāvya or in smaller Kāvyas like the *Megha-dūta;* sometimes it is connected with a didactic drift, as in Asvaghoṣa and Bhartṛhari; but most often, as in Amaru and the Śataka-writers, it takes the form, not of a systematic and well-knit poem, but of an elegant and finished miniature presented within the limits of a single self-standing stanza.

Thus, the Sanskrit love-poetry which came into being was different from the type represented by the love-poems which we have quoted above from Vedic and post-Vedic literature. One important characteristic of this new poetry of which we have already spoken, is that it takes the form of miniature-painting accomplished within the limits of detached stanzas. Each stanza is a separate and complete unit of sense, expression and imagery, and presents a daintily finished picture of a single aspect of the emotion or a single situation. It is probable that the stanzas were originally composed, not in a particular context, but independently, and were collected together in the frame of an anthology or of an anthological century of isolated stanzas, called Śataka Even if it is possible sometimes to make out an entire significance from the stanza-units in a Śataka, they seldom have any inner connexion or motive in relation to one another, or any totality of effect, each stanza by itself having a compressed and self-contained charm of its own.

In such series of self-standing stanzas, Sanskrit love-poetry gives us miniature pictures of love, not in its simplicities but in its niceties, not in its large and direct exaltations but in its moments and moods of delicate subtelty. Sanskrit poetry, much less its love-poetry, with its implications and reticences, is never simple and untutored in the sense in which these terms can be applied to modern poetry; it is never undisciplined nor meant for undisciplined enjoyment. If the content is romatic, the expression is severely classic; there is more restraint than abandon. The sentiment is more often artistic than personal. This is in perfect accordance with the Sanskrit poetic theory of impersonalised enjoyment, which would rule out personal passion and permit the theme, not of a particular woman, a Laura or a Beatrice, but of woman as such, provided she is young and beautiful. It is true that the particular woman is always there behind the universalised woman, and inspires the emotional earnestness and vivid imagery; but in the refined and idealised expression there is little scope for personal emotion.

But in this detached artistic attitude the Sanskrit poet perhaps possesses an advantage. If he does not attain the mood of all-absorbing ecstasy or the state of tearing passion, he can reach of a balanced frame of mind and cultured aloofness a sentiment of placid, and even playful, enjoyment, in which his impetuous passion itself becomes a delectable luxury. Even the pangs and pains, which are inseparable from the joys and hopes of love, become pleasing and beautiful. Love is experienced, not in its disturbing poignancy, nor in its joyful elevation, but as a purely poetic sentiment of pleasurable relish which breaks forth into exquisite blossoms of fancy. As the poet can stand apart from his feeling, he can toy and trifle with love, smile at its oddities and laugh at its absurdities. Very often, therefore, we find refreshing touches of sparkling wit and gentle humour, which make the dainty little stanzas as free from slovenliness as from sloppiness. That the Sanskrit poet can make light of the serious passion and view it in a playful mood is possible because he does not lose himself in abstraction and thereby loosen his grip on the essential realities of life. It is true that Sanskrit love-poetry delights to move in a world of serene and pleasing fiction, but, paradoxically enough, it conceives love in its concrete richness and variety, and not in its broad and ideal aspects. Even if he does not believe in the amorous cult of a particular woman, what we have here is the particular woman universalised, and not the universal woman particularised. The artistic refinement, therefore, seldom obscures the great human sentiment; and even if there is hardly any individual emotion, the graceful little pictures show an intimate realisation of love in a variety of stimulating situations of joy and sorrow, hope and fear, triumph and defeat.

In order to appreciate this classical poetry it is necessary to realize at the outset the conditions under which it was produced and the environment in which it flourished. In this connexion attention must be drawn, in the first place, to the evolution of a multitude of melodious metres in this literature, which are recorded freely in the earliest known systematic work on Prosody attributed to Piṅgala. The epic poets, naturally less sensitive to the effects of the rhythmic form, preferred metres in which long series of stanzas could be written with ease; but the necessity of metrical variation in emotional poetry, which had love for its principal theme, accounts for the large number of the so-called lyric metres evolved in this period. It is somewhat remarkable that the names given to some of these metres are epithets of fair maidens. Vidyun-mālā, "chain of lightning"; Kanaka-prabhā "the radiance of gold"; Tanvī 'slender-limbed'; Cāru-hāsinī, "sweetly smiling"; Kunda-dantī, "a maiden of budlike teeth"; Vasanta-tilaka, "the ornament of spring"; Sragdharā, "a maiden with a garland" are indeed pretty names, but they also point to a probable connexion with erotic themes.

The existence of inscriptions written in this style of poetry in the first few centuries of the Christian era, as well as the form, content and general outlook of this poetry, indicates its close connexion with the courts of princes, who in many cases are known to have been patrons of the great classical poets. As a matter of fact, this poetry appears to have been aristocratic from the beginning, fostered under the patronage of the wealthy or in the courts of the princes. Even if it did not lack serious interest, this poetry naturally reflects the graces as well as the artificialities of courtly life; and its exuberant fancy is quite in keeping with the taste which prevailed in this atmosphere. In later times the science of Poetics attempted and considerably succeeded in stereotyping this taste into fixed conventions, and in later decadent poetry these conventions alone reign supreme. But even in the earlier poetry, the consummate elegance of which is undoubted, there is very often a marked preference of what catches the eye to what touches the heart. The court-influence undoubtedly went a long way, not only in fostering a certain langour and luxuriance of style but also in encouraging a taste which preferred the fantastic and the elaborate to the fervid and the spontaneous.

The poetry gained in refinement and splendour but it lost its untutored simplicity and its pristine accent of passion. Sentimentality replaced sentiment, fancy predominated over passion and ingenuity took the place of feeling.

The pessimism of the Buddhistic ideal had disappeared, having been replaced by more accommodating views about the value of pleasure. Even the Buddhist author of the *Nāgānanda* does not disdain to weave a love-theme into his lofty story of Jīmūtavāhana's self-sacrifice; and in his benedictory verse he does not hesitate to represent the Buddha as being rallied upon his hard-heartedness by the ladies of Māra's train. The widely diffused Kāvya-style and its prevailing love-interest invade even the domain of technical sciences; and it is remarkable that the mathematician Bhāskaragupta not only uses elegant metres in his *Līlāvatī* but presents his algebraical theorems in the form of problems explained to a fair maiden, of which the phraseology and imagery are drawn from the bees and flowers and other familiar objects of poetry. The celebration of festivals with pomp and grandeur, the amusements of the court and the people, the sports in the water, the game of the swing, the plucking of flowers, song, dance, dramatic performances and other diversions, elaborate description of which forms the stock-in-trade of most Kāvya-poets, bear witness not only to this new sense of life but also to the general demand for refinement, beauty and luxury. The people could enjoy heartily the good things of this world, while heartily believing in the next. If pleasure with refinement was sought for in life, pleasure with elegance was demanded in art. It is natural, therefore, that the love-poetry of this period seldom transports or moves deeply either with its joy or its sorrow; for love is conceived not in its infinite depth or poignancy, nor its ideal beauty, but in its playful moods of vivid enjoyment breaking forth into delicate blossoms of fancy.

But it is not court-life alone which inspired this literature. The dominant love-motif of classical poetry is explained also by the environment in which it grew and from which alone it could obtain recognition. At the centre of it stands the Nāgaraka, the polished man about town, whose culture, tastes and habits so largely inspire this literature, and who is, as Keith rightly remarks, as typical of it as the priest or the philosopher is of the literature of the Brāhmaṇas and the Upaniṣads. Apart from the picture we get of him in the literature itself, we have a vivid sketch of an ancient prototype of the Nāgaraka in the *Kāma-sūtra* or the Science of Erotics, attributed to Vātsyāyana. The well-planned house of the Nāgaraka, situated near a river or a tank, is surrounded by a lovely garden; in the garden there is, for amusement and repose, a summer house, a bower of creepers with raised parterre, and a carpeted swing in a shady spot. His living room, balmy with rich perfume, contains a bed soft, white, fragrant and luxuriously furnished with pillows or cushions. There is also a couch, with a kind of stool at the head, on which are placed pigments, perfumes, garlands, bark of citron, canvas and a box of paint. A lute hanging from an ivory peg and some books to read are also not forgotten. On the ground there is a spittoon, and not far from the couch a round seat with raised back and a board for dice. The Nāgaraka spends his morning in bathing and elaborate toilet, applying ointments and perfumes to his body, collyrium to his eyes and red paint (*alaktaka*) to his lips, chews betel-leaves and the bark of citron to add fragrance to his mouth, and looks at himself in the glass. After breakfast, he listens to his parrots, which are kept in a cage outside his room, and teaches them new phrases. He delights in ram and cock fights and other diversions which he enjoys with his friends and companions, the usual hangers-on, high or low. After a brief midday sleep, he dresses again and joins the assembly of friends. In the evening there is music, followed by joys of love in company with his lady friends. These are the every-day duties or pleasures of the Nāgaraka. There are also occasional diversions and rounds of pleasure. There are festivals, drinking parties, plays, concerts and ballets to attend; there are social gatherings, often held in the house of the ladies of the *demi-monde*, where assemble men of wit and talent, and where artistic and poetic topics are freely discussed. There are excursions to be made to the parks, picnics in the groves, or water-sports in the lakes or rivers. In all these diversions and engagements his lady-friends play a great part; and judging from Vasantasenā one should think that the accomplished courtesan occupied an important position in the social life of this period.

The picture is, no doubt, heightened and there is much of the dandy and the dilettante in the Nāgaraka and in the society which he frequented; but we need not doubt from what we see elsewhere in Cārudatta that there was much genuine culture, character and refinement. In later times the Nāgaraka degenerated into a mere professional amourist, but in the early literature he is figured as rich and cultivated, a poet skilled in the arts, a man of wit and polish—a perfect man of the world. He could discuss poetry, painting and music as well as delicate problems in the doctrine of love, and his remarks shew not only profound acquaintance with the gay sciences and arts but also his extensive experience in the ways of women and a deep knowledge of human, especially feminine, nature.

The science of Erotics had indeed a profound influence on the theory and practice of the poetry of this period, although we must guard against the error of assuming that the classical erotic poetry is in the nature of pornography. The standard work of Vātsyāyana contains, besides several chapters on the art and practice of love, sections on the ways and means of winning and keeping a lover, on courtship and signs of love, on marriage and conduct of married life, and not a little on the practical psychology of the emotion of love. In these matters, the science of Poetics, as embodied especially in works on the erotic Rasa, came in a line and went hand in hand; and it is almost impossible to appreciate fully the merits as well as the defects of Sanskrit love-poetry without some knowledge of the habits, modes of thought, literary traditions and fundamental poetical postulates recorded in the Śāstras, the mere allusion to one of which is enough to call up some familiar idea or touch some inner chord of sentiment. There is much in these treatises, no doubt, which gives us an idealised or fanciful picture; and the existence of the people of whom they speak was just as little a prolonged debauch as a prolonged idyll. But marked as these accounts are with a great deal of heightened description or even scholastic formalism, there is an unmistakable attempt to do justice to facts, not only as they appeared to the personal experience of these theorists but also to the observation of general usage. This is specially true of the earlier works which were composed before the ideas had become stereotyped into fixed conventions; and we cannot refuse to recognise the fact that they succeeded in giving us a minute and subtle analysis of the erotic emotion, the theory of which had an intimate bearing on the practice of the poets and in itself deserves a separate study.

But the Sanskrit poet could not also forget that beside his elegant royal patron and the cultivated Nāgaraka, he had a more exacting audience in the Rasika or Sahṛdaya, the man of taste, the connoisseur, whose expert judgment would be the final test of his work. Such a critic, we are told, must not only possess technical knowledge of the requirements of poetry but also a fine capacity for aesthetic enjoyment, born of wide culture and sympathetic identification with poetic feelings and ideas. The Indian ideal of excellence of poetry is closely associated with a peculiar condition of artistic enjoyment known as Rasa, the suggestion of which is taken to be its chief function. Despite dogmas, the theorists are careful in adding that this pleasure should be the ultimate end of poetry and that the poetic imagination must show itself in attaining this end. The demands that are made of the poet, therefore, are very exacting; he must not only be initiated into the intricacies of theoretic requirements but must also possess poetic imagination, aided by culture and practice. Even if we do not believe in Rājaśekhara's somewhat elaborate account of the studies which went to make up the finished poet, there can be no doubt that considerable emphasis was laid by theorists upon the "education" of the poet, whose inborn gifts alone would not have sufficed. It is obvious that in such an atmosphere poetry gained in refinement and splendour, but natural ease was to a certain extent sacrificed for studied effects, and refinement led perforce to elaboration.

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It is, however, curious that with the exception perhaps of the *Megha-dūta* and the *Gīta-govinda* (with their numerous imitations), Sanskrit love-poetry usually takes the form, not of a systematic and well-knit poem, but of single stanzas, standing by themselves, in which the poet delights to depict a single phase of the emotion or a single erotic situation in a complete and daintily finished form. Such is the case with the earliest and most interesting collection of 700 stanzas, which passes under the name of Hāla Sātavāhana (circa 3rd century A.D.) and which comprises the works of Prakrit-poets who were probably earlier even than Kālidāsa. Written in an artificial and carefully studied language and metre, they have much that is conventional and even artificial; but they have also a large measure of naturalness and *bonhomie*, which must have been a reflection of the robust and keen perceptions of the unsophisticated people at large. Here we have also, for the first time, an effective expression of the sentiment of love in its varying moods and phases, with every degree of refinement or otherwise; and one cannot mistake the simplicity, sincerity and freedom of most of these utterances.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea, within the limited space at our disposal, of the infinite variery and beauty of these little cameos of thought and feeling, or of the elegance and precision of Hāla's style, or of the homeliness and rough good sense of his erotic stanzas. We can only select here a few specimens, the charming quality of which cannot be mistaken.[1] One cannot ignore, for instance, the simple pathos of the following lines which describe the lover's pangs of separation:

> The poor girl wept as long as she was able to weep; she thinned as far as her body would be thin; she sighed as long as her sighs prevailed. (ii, 41).
>
> In this mortal world there is no love free from deceit; for otherwise, who could ever suffer the pangs of separation, and having suffered, who could ever live! (ii, 24).
>
> Today for one day, dear friend, do not forbid me to weep: to morrow when he goes, if I am not dead, I shall not weep. (v, 21).
>
> It is the fault of the ladies that their lovers, when abroad, are heartless; not until two or three of them die, that the pangs of separation will ever cease. (vi, 86).
>
> "Most of the night is gone, now sleep!" Why do you say this to me, my friends. You do sleep; the smell of the *sephālikā* flowers prevents me from sleeping. (v, 12).
>
> Happy are those ladies who have a sight of their beloved even in dreams. Without him even sleep does not come; how can one have dreams! (iv, 97).

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[1] The references are to the Kāvyamālā edition of the *Gāthā-saptāśatī*, 2nd. ed. Bombay, 1911. Only 430 verses out of 700 find a place in all the recensions of the work.

But a more stoical or imaginative lover consoles himself.

> The beauty still lives in my eyes, the touch on my body, the words in my ear, the heart is still fixed on my heart,—what then hath destiny taken away ? (ii, 32).

On being asked by her lover to remember, the maiden replies :

> He alone is to be remembered who drops out even for a moment from the heart. Love is not love indeed if it requires remembering. (i, 95).

The joy of fulfilment in love also finds frank expression :

> A lover is always pleasing ; when seen, he gladdens the eyes ; when spoken about, he brings delight to the ears ; when thought of, he is the lord of the heart. (vii, 51).

But the expectation or the charm of association, says one lover, is better than fulfilment-:

> Let alone the most precious and pleasing sight of her face; even the sight of the village where she lives brings delight to the heart at once. (ii, 68).

Amaru repeats the same sentiment, saying : "Let alone the attainment of her impetuous embrace, even wandering about the road on the outskirts of her house brings infinite delight" : a description which would remind one of Mādhava's wanderings about the house of Mālatī. Here is a fine touch in describing a lady's beauty :

> On whichever part of her body one's eyes fall they remain fixed there. No one has seen the beauty of her whole person. (iii, 34).

A fine picture of the adolescent heroine secretly thinking of her lover is given in the words of her companion :

> If he is not thy beloved, then why, when his name is taken, doth thy face bloom like the lotus at the touch of the sun's rays ? (iv, 43).

Another young girl confides to her friend :

> When the beloved comes near, I shall cover my eyes with both hands, as if I do not want to see him ; but how shall I prevent my limbs from being thrilled with joy and betraying their thrill like the *kadamba* flower ? (iv, 14).

Disappointed or hopeless love also finds bitter expression :

> Once have I freed myself from the snare of love, almost at the cost of my life. O wretched heart, now cease ; never cast thy affection anywhere. (ii, 52).

> "Of whom are you thinking ?" Being asked thus, she began to weep bitterly, saying "who is there for me to think of ?" And she made us all weep. (iv, 89).

Here is a dignified rebuke administered by a lady to her fickle lover :

> Those are sincere words which proceed from the heart. Go away ! What is the use of words which proceed merely from the lips ? (v, 51).

A more pathetic touch :

> Let alone what people say ; your own heart will tell you. You have become so indifferent now that you are not even fit to be rebuked. (iii, 1).
>
> She truly hath beauty and worth ; while we are ugly and worthless. But, say, should every one who is not like her has nothing but to die ? (vi, 11).
>
> "Be not angry, dear". "Who is angry ?" "You, O fair-limbed one." "How can one be angry with a stranger ?" "Who is a stranger ?" "You, my lord." "But how ?" "It is the result of my misfortune." (iv, 84).

Even elaborate conceits are sometimes very finely utilised :

> Separation from her beloved is like a saw which is cutting her heart assunder ; the stream of her tears, tarnished by collyrium, appears like the dark measuring cord. (ii, 53).
>
> As she rises from her bath, her flowing hair having once received the touch of her hips, is dripping water as if it were weeping for fear of being tied up. (vi, 55).

Not less refreshing are the touches of sly humour and gentle banter which mark a large number of these verses. When Kṛṣṇa blows away with his breath the dust from Rādhā's face, he removes at the same time brightness from the faces of other milkmaids. On hearing Yaśodā say that Kṛṣṇa is but a child, the maidens of the village smile knowingly at the so-called infant. The wife is angry and offended, the husband falls at her feet in penitence; their little boy spoils the pathetic effect by seizing the opportunity of riding on papa's back, so that the incensed mother could hardly repress her laugh. As the fair maiden pours out water for the thirsty traveller he feasts his eyes on her and lets the water escape through his fingers, while she with equal desire lessens the stream of water. The naughty wife pretends to be bitten by a scorpion in order to go to the house of the doctor who loves her. Attracted by the beauty of the flower-girl's arms the idle village-youth wanders about and slyly asks the price of the garlands, although he has no intention to purchase them. The maiden who guards the field has no rest from the passer-by, who insists on asking her the way, however well he knows it. The lover falls at the feet of the angry maiden ; that the anger has already left her heart is shown by the tenderness with which she unloosens locks of his hair which have got entangled in her anklet. "That a bee desires to drink honey from this and that flower is not the fault of the bee but of those insipid flowers," remarks a cynical lover. A woman vows to worship the feet of the love-god, not only in this life but also in the next, only if he would pierce her beloved's heart with the selfsame arrow with which he has pierced hers. "Whoever teaches woman the art of love ? Though untutored, the course of their affection teaches them all," remarks a lover knowingly. Finding the enraged damsel engaged in cooking and attempting to hide her anger by the pretence of blowing at the fire, the lover tries to appease her by indulging in a delicate piece of flattery that, while the fire can drink the fragrant breath of her mouth it will only smoke and not blaze, fully knowing that if it blazes she will blow no more. Once bitten, twice shy ; the monkey which mistook a bee for a black plum will pause before it ventures again. A young lady wonders why all gossip centres on her lover alone ; is there only one young man in the village ? The young couple has quarrelled and pretend to sleep with breathless silence and eager ear,—it remains to be seen which of them will stick to the last ! The young wife teaches a lesson to the wayward brother of her husband by drawing on the wall the picture of Lakṣmaṇa's devotion to Sītā. Finding the thick foliage of the fig-tree where she has all her assignations diminished by the wayfarers tearing off its leaves, the ingenious girl secretly besmears them with white paint so that it may be mistaken for the dung of birds. A witty girl rebukes her fickle lover : "From her face to your face, from your face to my feet, the wretched *tilaka* has come to a sorry plight in its travel from place to place !" The lover's heart is filled up by thousands of women, the poor girl is unable to find a place in it ; hence she is making her already thin body still thinner and thinner ! A deeper note of pathos is struck when it is described how a wife, rejoicing at her husband's home-coming, still hesitates to deck herself in gay robes, lest she add to the grief of her poor lonely neighbour whose husband is still delaying his return. To the question why the bust of a woman never remains firm, it is wittily replied that nothing stays firmly on the heart of a woman. A woman resorting to her rendezvous is warned not to go out on a dark night, as she will be noticed all the more like a lamplight in the dark. A disappointed lover laments : "Such is the spark of disappointed love that it goes out in a dried-up heart, but blazes all the more quickly in the heart which is succulent !" The traveller seeking rest and lodging is often the subject of delicate addresses :

> At midday the shadow does not move out, even a little way from the body, for fear of heat ; so traveller, why not rest by me ?
>
> The night is dark ; my husband is away from home ; the house is empty ; pray come, O traveller, to guard me from robbers.
>
> My mother-in-law sleeps here, and here myself ; mark it well while there is daylight, lest, O wayfarer, thou dost tumble into our beds at night

In spite of these rather lengthy quotations, it is almost impossible to give an adequate idea of the extraordinary variety and elegance of the seven hundred verses collected together by Hāla, the majority of which are erotic in theme. They consist of isolated stanzas without any inner connexion but each by itself has a finished form and a charm of its own. They celebrate the joys and sorrows, changes and chances, moods, fancies and imaginings, quips, cranks and wanton wiles, all the tragedy and comedy of that passion which is half of sense and half of the spirit, sometimes wholly of the sense and sometimes wholly of the spirit. In this respect the Gāthā-saptaśatī of Hāla, as well as the Śataka of Amaru which we shall take up presently, occupy a unique position in Indian love-poetry. They not only demonstrate for the first time that love can very well form the exclusive theme of poetry, and hundreds of verses can be written on its manifold phases, but they also start the tradition of the love-poem in the stanza-form, in which the aim is to depict within the restricted scope of a solitary self-standing verse some definite phase of the emotion. Such miniature painting is a task of no small difficulty : for, it involves a perfect expression of a pregnant idea or an intense emotion within very restricted limits by just a few precise and elegant touches of the brush. The effect, again, which these stanzas achieve, as Keith has remarked, is synthetic and entirely opposed to that of the analytic methods of modern poetry; and the incidental difficulties of translating them into English are thus indicated by the same critic :

> The extraordinary power of compression which Sanskrit possesses is seen here at its best ; the effect on the mind is that of a perfect whole in which the parts coalesce by inner necessity, and the impression thus created on the mind cannot be produced in an analytical speech like English, in which it is necessary to convey the same content not in a single sentence synthetically merged into a whole, like the idea which it expresses, but in a series of loosely connected predication.[1]

If in Prakrit the highest distinction as a poet, who can give beautiful and varied expression to the emotion of love, belongs to Hāla, in Sanskrit the distinction must belong without question to Amaru, about whose life and date as little is known as those of Hāla. Amaru is less wide in range but he perhaps strikes a deeper and more poignant note. He does not confine himself to the narrow limits of the artificial Āryā metre but allows himself greater metrical variety and more freedom of space. His employment of long sonorous metres as well as light lyric measures not only relieves the monotony of metrical effect but also adds richness, weight and music to his well wrought verses. Truly has Ānandavardhana praised Amaru's verses as containing the veritable ambrosia of poetry; and in illustrating the theme of love as a sentiment in poetry, all technical writers on poetics have freely used Amaru as one of original and best sources. In Sanskrit imaginative literature Amaru must be regarded as the herald of a new development, of which the result is seen in the remarkable fineness of conception, richness of expression and delicacy of thought and feeling of the love-poems of later Śatakas as well as of numerous Sanskrit anthologies.

In one of Amaru's preliminary verses Love is conceived as the mightiest of all the gods; and the poet declare in a benedictory stanza that the face of the fair one would bring the desired good,—what is the use of invoking Hari, Hara and

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[1] *History of Sanskrit Lit.* p. 178.

Brahmā? He who kisses the fair maiden drinks of ambrosia; the laborious but foolish gods churned the ocean for nothing! But Amaru's poems are poems about love, not in its simplicities, but in its subtle moments. It is not, as in the *Saptaśatī* of Hāla, the picture of simple loves set among simple scenes and fostered by the seasons, but Amaru describes in his inimitable series of verses the infinite moods and fancies of love, its lights and shades, its vagaries, its strange turns, unexpected thoughts and unknown impulses creating varied circumstances. Love does not stand alone as an isolated passion, as in the true love-lyric, but is imaged with all its attendant facts and situations which enhance its pleasure and stimulate its pain.

The necessity of compressing synthetically one whole idea or situation within the limits of a single verse not only gives a precision and elegance to the style, but also presents in each verse a complete picture in a finely finished form. The most graceful and true are the pictures which Amaru draws of the adolescent and artless maiden, the *mugdhā,* whom the Sanskrit poets depict with a loving touch. When her companions rebuke her for her youthful simplicity in making herself too agreeable to her lover, and teaches her proper pride and artfulness, the maiden, with a face full of alarm, replies with a characteristic *naïveté;* "Speak low, lest my lover, who abides in my heart, should hear what you say!" Equally charming are the pictures of the newly wedded wife:

> When her husband touches her garment, she bends her head in shyness; when he seeks a sudden embrace, she moves away her limbs in modesty; when her eyes fall on her laughing companions, she is unable to speak; at the first jest the heart of the newly wedded wife is oppressed with bashfulness.

A touch of quiet humour sometimes enlivens the picture:

> Seeing her chamber empty the young wife rose gently from her couch, and having gazed intently on the face of her husband who was feigning sleep, she kissed him unsuspectingly. But when she saw his cheeks thrilled by her touch she bent her head in shame, only to be kissed long and lovingly by her lover as he laughed at her distress.
>
> The house-parrot overheard at night the words that were murmured in confidence by the young pair; in the morning it began to repeat them loudly before their elders. Embarrassed with shame, the young wife stays his speech by placing before his beak a piece of ruby from her ear-rings on the pretext of giving him seeds of the pomegranate.

The futility of her anger in the presence of her beloved is described with the same graceful touch:

> I have knit my eye-brows into a frown, but my eyes still long to gaze at him; I have restrained my speaking, but this wretched face still lights up with a smile; I have made my heart stern and cold, but my limbs cannot help being thrilled. I do not know how I shall be able to keep up my anger when once I see him face to face.
>
> I turned my face down from the direction of his face and fixed my looks on my feet ; I stopped my eager ears from listening to his words ; I concealed with both hands the thrill on my sweating cheeks ; but, O friends, what shall I do to prevent the knots on my bodice from bursting into pieces ?

Just a touch of tenderness or pathos enhances the beauty of the picture:

> At the first offence given to her by her husband, she cannot, without the aid of her companions, think of a witty rebuke to address to him, nor can she show her emotion by a playful movement of her limbs. With her lotus-eyes flurried and expanded, the poor girl only weeps, and her clear and profuse tears roll in shower down her pure cheeks.

A tender dialogue between a maiden and her lover is compressed with a marvellous pathetic effect:

> "My girl !" "My lord !" "Stay thine anger, O proud one !" "What have I done through anger ?" "Art thou then wearied of me ?" "Thou hast done nothing wrong, all the fault is mine." "Why then art thou weeping with choked voice ?" "Before whom do I weep ?" "Why before me." "Who am I to thee ?" "My Beloved" "I am not,—and so do I weep."

The lightly drawn pictures of lovers' quarrel and reconciliation are often enlivened by a touch of quiet humour :

> Lying together on the same bed and inwardly grieved, the young couple averted their faces from each other ; eager for reconciliation in their inmost heart but outwardly keeping up their pride, they could not speak. In a little while, as they threw side-long glances at each other, their looks met, the barrier of pride broke down, and with a sudden laughter they threw their arms round each other's neck.
>
> Lying together on the same bed, the young maiden, hearing her rival's name, averted her head in anger and vehemently repulsed her lover, despite his flatteries. But as he stayed still for while, straightaway she turned her neck softy, fearing lest he had fallen asleep.

> At her lover who was at fault her eyes were deft in assuming various aspects. When he was at a distance, they were restless ; when he began to speak, they were averted ; when he desired an embrace, they were expanded ; when he touched her garment, the brows became arched with anger ; when at last he fell at the feet of the proud lady, the eyes were misty and wet with tears.
>
> She avoided sitting on the same couch by rising forward to meet him ; she thwarted his impetuous embrace by feigning to fetch betel; she prevented intimate talk by engaging her attendants near-by ; the clever lady gratified her anger even by the pretence of serving her lover.

But sometimes a touch of sadness tones down the picture:

> "Let my heart burst and Love at his will emaciate my frame, and yet dear friends, I will have no more of my fickle lover," thus hotly in high anger spoke the gazel-eyed one, but anxiously did she gaze on the path by which her beloved would come.

The effect of the maiden's anger is often vividly described by the words of her friends:

> The beloved of thy life with his head bowed down, standeth without, drawing idle figures on the ground ; thy companions have left their food, and their eyes are swollen with constant weeping ; the parrots in the cage no more laugh nor speak ; and thine own state is this ! O hard-hearted maiden, lay aside thy anger.

And the hard-hearted maiden is warned lest she alienate her lover's affection by a show of too much anger:

> Why, angry one, dost thou cry silently, ever brushing away with thy finger-tips the flow of thy tears? The time will come when thou wilt weep more loudly and bitterly still ; for thy beloved, wearied of soothing thee will grow indifferent at thy pride which has soared high at the bidding of thy treacherous friends.
>
> There are young maidens here in every house ; go and ask them if their lovers fall at their feet, as thy beloved does, grovelling like a slave. Thou dost harm to thyself alone by leading thy ears to the mad advice of evil friends. Men are hard to win back once the bond of affection is severed.

The young lady has to repent when her lover takes her anger seriously:

> In playful anger, dear friend, I just said to my beloved : "Depart", and straightway the hard-hearted one sprang from the couch and went indeed. For that cruel one who broke off love so violently, my shameless heart yearns again,—and what can I do ?

Here is a pretty picture of an impatient maiden whose beloved has returned home after a long sojourn abroad:

> The beloved hath come back, and with him have returned a hundred desires. The pale lady passed the day-time in impatience, but in the evening the witless people of the house engaged him in endless conversation. "Something has bitten me," so saying she waved her silken garment, as if in a flurry, and put out the light thereby, with a heart impatient with desire.

A lover is trying to appease the enraged maiden with a delicate piece of flattery:

> The palm of thy hand hath rubbed the decoration off thy cheek ; the sighs have drunk the sweet nectar of thy lips ; the sob, enbracing thy throat for a while, hath made the slopes of thy bosom tremulous. O thou implacable one, thine anger today hath become thy beloved, and not we.

It is very often that light-hearted love is described, love fulfilled or assured of fulfilment. But sometimes a deeper note is struck:

> Where a mere frown was enough show of anger, where silence was enough reproof, where a mutual smile was enough entreaty, where a look was an act of grace—of that love see here only the ruins today ! Thou rollest at my feet in long entreaty, and I have become so graceless that my anger does not leave me.
>
> "Why this extreme thinness of thy limbs ? Why dost thou tremble ? And why, beloved, so pale are thy cheeks and thy face ?" When the lord of her life thus questioned her, she replied, "It is my nature," and moved away with a sigh to let fall elsewhere the burden of tears which weighed down her eyes-lashes.
>
> Long she gazed on him with beseeching eyes, then entreated him with folded hands, then grasped the hem of his garment, then frankly embraced him. The pitiless deceiver brushed away all her advances and started to leave her. But she abandoned her life first for love, and then her lover.
>
> So then this our body first became one and undivided, After that thou wert only the beloved, while I, bereft of all hope, was no longer thy darling. Now thou art the lord, and we are only thy wife. I have received all that my adamant heart deserves.[1]

[1] It must be noted that this last verse, though usually found in most editions of Amaru's text has been attributed to a lady poet, named Bhāvakadevī, in some of the older anthologies. See below.

The tears of the maiden forbid the departure of the lover, bent on a long journey away from home:

> "O beloved, when wilt thou come back? At the end of this watch? In the midday? Even after that? Or, is it after the whole day is gone?" When her lover was preparing to start on a journey of a hundred days, the artless maiden beguiled his heart with such sobbing words accompanied by a shower of tears.
>
> "O fair Beloved, those who go abroad, do they not meet again? Thou are too thin and weak ; thou must not have anxiety for me." When I said this with a sob in my throat, her eyes, with their pupils fixed in embarassing shyness, drank up the falling tears, and her faint smile betrayed her inward resolve of death to come.
>
> When the dear lover went away, my bracelet and my unobstructed tears went with him ; my patience stayed not a moment ; my heart wanted to go ahead. When my beloved made up his mind to go, everything went with him. Since thou hast also to go with him, why then, O Life, dost thou leave the company of that dear friend ?

Here is a pretty picture of the anxious wife who is expecting her husband back from abroad every moment:

> The wife of the wayfarer gazes on the path by which her beloved would come, so far as the eyes can reach, until, as the darkness of night falls and confuses the paths, discouraged and sorrowful, she takes one step to return to her home, but swiftly turns again her head to gaze, lest even at that very moment he might have come back.

It must not be supposed that these few specimens, imperfectly rendered in an alien tongue, exhaust all that is fine in this century of love-stanzas. Almost every poem in this collection has a charm of its own. The verses have all the perfection of miniature word-pictures, of which Sanskrit is pre-eminently capable. All of them treat of love in its varied aspects, often youthful and impassioned love, in which the senses and the spirit meet, with all the emotions of longing, hope, jealousy, anger, disappointment, despair, reconciliation and fruition. They are marked by a spirit of closeness to life and common realities which is not often seen in the laboured Sanskrit court-epics, as well as by a simplcitiy and directness, a complete harmony of sound and sense, and freedom from mere rhetoric which make a strong appeal to modern taste and interest. But on their surface the light of jewelled fancy plays and makes beautiful even the pains and pangs which are inseparable from the joys of love. There is much of sentimentality rather than true sentiment in the verses in which the poet weeps, rather weakly, over the sorrows of his temporary separation. Occasionally a deeper note is struck, but very seldom we have the sense of that irrevocable loss which alone evokes true pathos. It is not love tossed on the stormy seas of manhood and womanhood, nor is it that mighty passion, serious, infinite and divine, which leads to a richer and wider life. But, as we have already pointed out, Sanskrit poets delight in depicting the playful moods of love, its aspect of Līlā, in which even sorrow becomes a luxury. They speak to us, no doubt, in tones of unmistakable seriousness; but when they touch a deeper chord, the note of sorrow is seldom poignant but is rendered pleasing by a truly poetic enjoyment of its tender and pathetic implications. In this both the theory and practice of Sanskrit poetry agree.

The same traits as we noticed in Amaru's *Śataka* are also to be found in the later centuries of love-poems, among which that of Bhartṛhari must be singled out not only for its poetic excellence, but also for the interest which attaches to the legends that have gathered round the mysterious personality of the author. As in the *Śataka* of Amaru, so in these miniature poems of Bhartṛhari are embalmed in swift succession hundreds of sunny memories and hopes, flying thoughts and dancing feelings, brooding tenderness and darkening sorrow; and the same light of fancy plays over them imparting to them warmth and colour, life and beauty. In intensity, in range and in delicacy of expression the poems of Bhartṛhari are perhaps inferior to those of Amaru, but there is a great deal of genuine emotion and honest utterance which lend to them a peculiar charm. In his care-free mood the youthful poet wrote:

> When we see not our beloved, our one longing is for sight; when seen, our one desire is the joy of embrace; embraced, our one prayer is that our two bodies may be made one.

But the poet who wrote this century of passionate verses is said to have also written two other centuries of poems on resignation and wise conduct; and if we are to put any faith in the testimony of I-tsing, Bhartṛhari vacillated no less than seven times between the comparative charms of the monastery and the world. So we are told in the work itself:

> Either the beautiful woman, or the cave of the mountains !
> Either youth, or the forest !
> An abode either on the sacred banks of the Ganges, or in the delightful embrace of a young woman !

Sentiments like these are scattered throughout the poem. That he was a man who went through the crosses and sorrows of love as well as its joys is apparent from the warning he gives to those who thoughtlessly render themselves liable to love:

> I am telling the truth without any bias that in the seven worlds this is a fact that there is nothing more delightful than a young woman and nothing which is a greater source of sorrow to man.

It is not love without any thought of the morrow which he depicts, love which would consider the world well lost ; for, the poet says:

> The path across the ocean of life would not be long, were it not that women, those mighty unfordable streams, hinder the passage.

and he cannot but regard love as a bondage, albeit a sweet bondage :

> Smiles, sentiment, bashfulness, timidity, half-averted and half-turned glances, side-long looks, loving words, jealousy, quarrel and playfulness : all these are the ways by which women bind us.

If Amaru describes the emotion of love and the relation of lovers for their own sake and without any thought of connecting them with other aspects of life, Bhartṛhari is too much occupied with life itself to forget that love and women are factors in life, factors which act more as hinderances than as helps. He figures the love-god as a fisher who casts women as a bait on the ocean of the world, catches men by the line of red lips and bakes them on the fire of desire. He warns the susceptible heart not to wander in the dread and hilly forest of woman's beauty where traps are laid by the robber Love. And there is no greater denunciation of woman perhaps in the whole range of Sanskrit poetry than in the famous verse which interrogates :

> Who has created woman as a contrivance for the bondage of all living creatures : woman, who is the whirlpool of all doubt, the universe of indiscipline, the abode of all daring, the receptacle of all evil, the deceitful soil of manifold distrust, the box of trickery and illusion, a poison coated with ambrosia, a hinderance to heaven and a way to the depth of hell ?

Verses like these anticipate and explain the frame of mind which made the poet waver between love and renunciation.

This attitude of mind, which leaves no alternative between the world and the monastery, between love and renunciation, is, however, not an individual trait but seems to have influenced the general outlook of most Sanskrit poets. These two kinds of poets, poets of love and poets of renunciation, have therefore flourished throughout the whole course of Sanskrit literature; and verses have been written which by means of *double entente* apply both to the case of love and to the case of renunciation. There is no middle path—you must choose between enjoyment and resignation. It is partly for this reason and partly because of the theory that the sentiment evoked must always be relishable that Saṁbhoga or a hearty sense of enjoyment of the good things of life is a prominent characteristic of Sanskrit love-poetry in general. The poets were by no means men of ascetic or inelastic temper, nor had they taken upon themselves the mere materialism or the satiated ideality of modern love-poets; but they had enough simplicity and integrity of feeling which made them grateful for the joys of this life but penitent when they had exceeded in enjoying them. In such an atmosphere the idea of Platonic love or of the so-called intellectual love could not develop. There is only one instance in Sanskrit of warm friendship between man and woman in the charming picture of Patralekhā the *tāmbūla-karaṅka-vāhinī* to the Prince in Bāṇa's romance. But here also there is no suggestion of any feeling warmer than friendship and deep attachment; it never developed into that chivalrous Platonic love which supplies inspiration to much of mediaeval European poetry, but which in its ultimate analysis often turns out to be an excuse or a pleasing abstraction. The Sanskrit poets regard their passions as their own excuse for being, and do not pretend to represent them under an ideal glamour.

For, they must have realized that love cannot live merely upon abstraction; it must have actualities to feed upon. It would be absurd indeed to suppose that these Sanskrit love-poems do not possess any touch of that idealism without which no poetry is poetry; they have enough of idealism, but they do not live upon air. With these poets love is not a cold white ideal rising moon-like over the rapt vision of the love-sick shepherd-prince. It does not die in dreams, nor is it troubled with a deep philosophy, nor bored with its own ideality, losing itself in the worship of a phantom-woman, or rising into mystic spirituality and indefinite pantheism. Nor is it sicklied over with the subtleties of decadent psychologists or with the subjective malady of modern love-poets. It is exasperatingly authentic and admirably plain-speaking. It does not talk about ideals and gates of heaven but walks on the earth and speaks of the insatiable hunger of the body and the exquisite intoxication of the senses. For these poets must have felt, as every true passionate poet feels, that passion in its essence is not idealism which looks beyond the real, but idolatry which finds the ideal in the real.

Love is, therefore, conceived in its concrete richness and variety, and not merely in its broad and ideal aspects. The dominant conception of love in Sanskrit figures it as an overmastering force which entering into a man's body permeates it so completely that he is no longer able to control his impulses or his actions. It was popularly conceived as a particular phase of "possession" and described by the poets as a form of disease or madness. "How can the fire of love be allayed" exclaims one poet "the cool pearl bracelet, the wet garment, the leaf of the lotus, the rays of the frosty moon, the refreshing sandal-paste,—all add fuel to the flame!" Even the highest gods are not immune. Viṣṇu cannot but bear Lakṣmī on his breast, Śiva bears Gaurī as the better half on his person, and it is to earn this good fortune that Brahmā has been practising austerities from his boyhood (*Bāla-rāmāyaṇa*, x, 42). In these lyrics love is seldom described as something ethereal, but always depicted as a definite sensation or feeling in its concrete form and direct appeal. The poet takes body and soul together, although the essential realism of his passion makes him put a larger emphasis on the body; and love appears more as self-fulfilment than as self-abnegation. In this preference of the body, however, there is nothing debasing. To Dante the supreme realities were mirrored in the divine form of Beatrice. Even from the contact of the senses and touch of the earth, Love in Sanskrit poetry springs Antaeus-like into fuller being; from the straw and dross of a sophisticated consciousness it breaks into a pervading and purifying flame.

This attitude explains, to a certain extent, that aspect of Sanskrit love-poetry which has often been condemned as too sensual or even gross. The point is too often forgotten that what we have here is not the love of the analytic or self-questioning lover, nor the refined rapture of the complacent idealist. It cannot be denied that there is a tendency in these old-time poets of seasoning their poems *con amore* with what modern taste would consider to be indelicacies or audacities of expression; but to condemn these franken and simpler moods of the passion, where they are not deliberately coarse or vulgar, or to find in them an immoral tendency is thoughtless and unjust. The standards and limits of propriety as well as of prudery are different for different people; but coarseness or vulgarity must be approved or condemned only in connexion with immorality, or on purely artistic grounds. Comparing Sanskrit poetry with European classical literature in this respect, a Western critic has very sagely remarked that "there is all the world of difference between what we find in the great poets of India and the frank delight of Martial and Petronius in their discriptions of immoral scenes." In this respect, however, as also in respect of the growing artificiality of form and decline in taste, a distinction must be made between the earlier and later Sanskrit poetry. In later poetry the elaborate description of love-sports, such as we find in Bhāravi, Māgha and their innumerable followers (including the composers of later Bhāṇas), is certainly embarrassing and offensive to a refined taste. No doubt, this grossness is partly conventional, springing from a time-honoured poetic convention which delights habitually in minute and highly flavoured descriptions of feminine beauty and the delights of love; but the natural coarseness of the earlier poetry, which none but those who are touched by an attitude of self-righteousness will fail to appreciate, must be distinguished from this polished, factitious and perhaps all the more regrettable indecency of later writings. The later love-poetry was, no doubt, made the ready means of a display of the author's knowledge of the Kāma-śāstra, but what these later polished court-poets lacked was the naive exuberance or *bonhomie* of earlier poetry, its easy and frank expression of physical affection in its exceedingly human (and not merely sensual) aspect, as well as the terrible sincerity of its primal sensations, which are naturally gross or grotesque as being nearer life. The excuse of convention cannot altogether condone the finical yet flaunting sensuality of these later pictures. Even Indian critics are sometimes not sparing in their censure of the vulgarity of some of these poems, and one of them goes so far as to take Kālidāsa to task for a breach of propriety in painting the love-adventures of the divine pair in his *Kumāra-saṁbhava*. The theorists condemn coarseness or vulgarity, but curiously enough they do not usually disapprove of this conventional or artistic indecency which was admitted by a developed but deplorable taste and which is all the more offensive because of its very refinement.

This tendency of Sanskrit love-poetry towards a highly erotic description of feminine charms and its essentially realistic view of love as a passion explain partly the Indian conception and ideal of feminine beauty. The physical charms of men are seldom directly described; but those of women are profusely and frequently depicted with a passionate intensity of detail. Most of these descriptions, no doubt, follow an established literary convention and the stereotyped prescriptions of the sciences of Erotics and Poetics. Of such a type is the very elaborate but insipid description, extending over a full canto, of the physical charms of Damayantī in Śrīharṣa's *Naiṣadha*, which belongs to a more sophisticated age. But, generally speaking, the descriptions are lively and often very poetic, in spite of their conventional limitations. It is remarkable, however, that in describing feminine charms, only such details are selected as have a frank sexual appeal, but at the same time the Sanskrit poets are not blind to the spiritual beauty which transcends mere physical charms.

The poets did not naturally admire fatness but preferred a girlish and gracefully slim but developed figure. The complexion, likened generally to pure gold or turmeric, is seldom directly described, except in the case of the woman who is pale from the pangs of separation and whose paleness gives scope to many a fanciful comparison with the whiteness of silver or the greyness of the *lavalī* fruit. Masses of jet black hair, often set with flowers, are admired and compared to a swarm of bees, a mass of blue lotus or a heap of soft peacock-plumes; but some would prefer curls (*kuntalaka*) playing over the forehead. The serpent-like beauty of the braid is often described, and one poet takes it to be the chastising whip of the love-god. Kālidāsa gives a fine expression to the sexual appeal of the woman's hair when he says:

> In the hair of the young damsels, unbraided, perfumed and still wet after a bath, and decorated with the evening jasmine, the god of love regained his strength which had been diminished by the departure of the spring (*Raghu* xvi, 50).

But curiously enough, we have little description of the forehead, although the artificial decoration of the *tilaka*, a peculiarly Indian practice, is not forgotten. One poet says ecstatically:

> No bracelet on the arms, no anklet on the feet, no garland on the head,—and yet the little decoration of black musk on the forehead holds the essence of world's beauty. The Creator placed on the expanse of her forehead the all-supassing mark,—or is it the seal of approval of the great king, the love-god ?

The glances are often described as physical emanations from the eye which makes its way to the eye of the beloved, and thence like shafts of Cupid falls upon the victim's heart. The poet of the *Śṛṅgāra-tilaka* exclaims:

> Truly this maiden is a huntress : her brows are like the bow, her glances are the shafts, while my heart is the deer they fall upon.

Another poet implores the fair one not to put collyrium on her eye-lashes; the shafts of her glances are already deadly, why besmear them with poison? But the natural and manifold beauty of the eyes and glances as an index to inward emotion makes such a direct appeal that the poets very seldom allow rhetorical subtleties to get the better of them and obscure the naturalness of their description. Now accompanied by a playful arching of the eye-brows and now weighed down with bashfulness, now dancing with glee and now timid with an unknown fear, now moving languidly and now expanding like a bud, now soft with tenderness and now sportive with an affectation of coquetry, now directed with childlike frankness and now averted with coy embarrassment, now wide-open with eagerness and now half-closed with feeling, now red and frowning with anger and now misty and wet with tears,—the poets love to describe the glances along with all the phases of emotion which they betray.

In the same way the smile and the red lips receive fine poetic treatment as a stimulus of love. The well-known verse of Kālidāsa sums up the usual conception thus:

> If a flower were contained in a fresh twig, or a pearl in a transparent coral, then they might have imitated her fair smile spreading beautifully over her red lips.

Rows of well-formed teeth, pearl-like, jasmine-white or shapely like the seeds of the pomegranate, are praised. But the beauty of the nose or the ear does not find many admirers, although the ornaments on the nose or the ear are not forgotten. We have found only one verse which is worth quoting in this connexion:

> Some poets liken the nose to the sesamum-blossom, others to the beak of the parrot ; but to me it seems that near his flower-bow the love-god has placed his quiver in the shape of a soft *ketaka*-leaf.

In the same way the cheeks are seldom directly described, but only when they are pale with grief, flushed with anger or red with shame. A well-shaped neck is preferred, and in its slenderness and symmetry it is compared to that of the swan, while the three delicate lines or marks on the neck, indicative of good fortune, make the poets indulge in a fanciful comparison with the curves on the auspicious conch-shell. Mādhava compares Mālatī's face, with the neck repeatedly turned back, to the expanded lotus with its stem twisted round. How can the Sanskrit poets omit reference to the twig-like arms, the lover's repose as well as his bondage, whose tenderness rivals the softness of the lotus-stalk, whose slenderness can only be compared to the beauty of the trailing creeper and which, when placed round the neck, revives a man, but, taken a away, destroys his life ?

The poets are certainly enthusiastic in their description of the full-orbed bosom inadequately borne by the slender limbs ;

and the common comparisons are to a pair of golden pitchers or round waterjars, the rounded prominences on the elephant's forehead, peaked hills, cakravāka birds, lotus-buds, pomegranates, jujubes and myrobalans. But one poet wittily remarks :

> Some say that her breasts are like the prominences on the forehead of the love-god's elephant ; some liken them to a pair of golden pitchers ; while others think that they are lotus-buds on the lake of her heart. In my mind the belief is firm that the love-god, after conquering the three worlds, placed his pair of drums upside down.

In this connexion the beauty of the necklace coming down gracefully to the bosom charms the poet, who envies its good fortune in having its station round the neck and on the heart of the beloved. The waist must be thin, the navel deep, and the thighs plump and cool like the plantain-tree. The knot which ties up the garment at the waist has inspired many an erotic verse, of which Kālidāsa's description of the bashful Yakṣa-ladies in his *Megha-dūta* may be taken as typical :

> When the quick hands of the ardent lovers cast aside the garment, already loosened by the untying of its knot, the bashful and bewildered Yakṣa-damsels throw a handful of scented dust, fruitlessly, at the rich lamp-like jewels, which burn with a high flame.

But it is somewhat curious that Sanskrit poets insist upon heavy and prominent hips and buttocks, which need not always be a mark of beauty. It is also remarkable that although the lotus-like beauty of the feet is a common and hackneyed allusion, while the tinkling anklet and the graceful, languid and swan-like gait never fail to inspire love, yet there is no description of the beauty of the lady's ankle.

An interesting feature of these descriptions is the mention of quantities of jewellery that are supposed to be worn by the ladies, of which the necklace, the bracelet, the tinkling girdle and anklet and the ear-ring figure most in Sanskrit love-poetry. Artificial decorations of sandal and musk on the cheek, the forehead or the breast, and collyrium on the eye-lashes form favourite subjects of description as aids to love. But the hero of the *Nāgānanda* (iii, 6) wonders why the adored one burdens herself with so much ornament :

> The burden of thy bosom serves to weary thy waist; why add the weight of thy necklace? The thighs are wearied by the bearing of

> thy buttocks ; why wear this tinkling girdle ? Thy feet are powerless in carrying the load of thy thighs ; why add a pair of anklets ? Thou art adorned by the grace of thine own limbs; why dost thou wear ornaments to thy weariness?

But sometimes ladies prefer simple ornaments, made entirely of flowers, which show off their beauty to greater advantage. When Pārvatī went to the hermitage of the great Ascetic, she looked like a trailing creeper bowed down with its heap of spring-flowers ; and, for her ornaments, the *aśoka* took the place of rubies, the *karṇikāra* had the brightness of gold, while the *sindhuvāra* was worn like a necklace of pearls. The ladies of Alakā sport with lotus in their hands, jasmine in their curls, newly blown *kuravaka* in their braids, the dust of *lodhra*-flowers on their faces, *śirīṣa*-pendants in their ears and the grey *nīpa* on the parting lines of their hair.

It is somewhat remarkable, however, that while jewellery is worn as an aid to beauty, heavy perfume is not favoured as a stimulus of love, although the trait is prominent in some other oriental (*e. g.* Semitic) poetry. Only in one instance in *Mṛcchakaṭika* the perfume of jasmine-flowers is made to play some part in the love-affair of Vasantasenā. There can be no doubt about the liberal employment of perfumes, as it is evidenced by the work of Vātsyāyana ; but it seems that the sense of smell did not occupy as important a position in Sanskrit erotic poetry as did, for instance, the sense of sight or touch. Of the sense of sight it is not necessary to speak in detail, for it is universally acknowledged as the medium through which the mysterious influence of love is conveyed ; but with regard to the sense of touch the poet who gives the finest expression to its erotic possibilities is Bhavabhūti, many of whose charming verses in this connexion may be quoted from his three dramas. In his *Mahāvīra-carita* (ii, 22) Rāma exclaims :

> The touch of Sītā's embrace, smooth, pleasing and cool as the yellow sandal, the moon and the dew, hinders me by stealing my consciousness ever and anon.

Mādhava is still more puzzled (vi, 12) to find similes for describing the pleasing effect of Malatī's touch upon his body, and thinks that upon his skin is squeezed and sprinkled a collection such cooling objects as camphor, pearl-necklace, yellow sandal, oozings of the moonstone, moss, lotus-stalk ~~and~~ the like. The description reaches a most passionate expression in the well-known soliloquy of Rāma in the *Uttara-rāma-carita*, where feeling the touch of Sītā's arms round his neck, Rāma is unable to decide whether it is pleasure or pain or numbness, or the creeping of poison through his veins, or intoxication; for, at every touch of her arms the intensity of the sensation distracts all his senses, bewilders his mind and entirely paralyzes it.

Poems which describe feminine charms *en masse*, and not in detail, are marked with an equal intensity of feeling; but the poets very often pass from mere sensuous particulars to a more dignified yet rapturous vision of pure beauty. We have, on the one hand, the passionate speech of the love-sick Duṣyanta:

> Truly her lip has the colour of a young twig; her two arms imitate the tender boughs; attractive youth, like the blossom, pervades her limbs.

On the other hand, the more elegant, if not passionate, description of Rājaśekhara:

> If this is a face, the moon is sealed up for ever; poor gold, if that is a complexion; if those are the eyes, the wager is lost by the blue lotuses; if that is a smile, who cares for ambrosia? If those are the eye-brows, then shame to the bows of Cupid! What more shall we say?—it is indeed a true saying that the work of the Creator is averse to creating anything which involves repetition.

From these we pass on to Kālidāsa's exquisite description of the youthful Śakuntalā (ii, 43), where Duṣyanta cogitates that the Creator first delineated perfect beauty in a picture, or perhaps imagined into one ideal model the combination of various lovely forms, and then endowed the picture or the model with the properties of life. In the same way the poet imagines that Pārvatī was created by an assemblage of all exemplar substances, set assiduously in their proper places, as if the Creator was desirous of seeing beauty concentrated in one place. Purūravas wonders whether in the creation of Urvaśī, Love himself was the creator, while the moon gave her radiance and the flowery spring taught her to madden men and the gods; otherwise, how could the aged ascetic of a Creator, grown old in his dull devotion, have created such a beautiful form? The same sentiment is repeated by the love-sick Mādhava in describing Mālatī's beauty, as he wonders (i, 24) if she is the guardian deity of the treasure of beauty, or the abode of all world's loveliness, and confidently asserts that at her creation the moon, ambrosia, lotus-stalk and moonlight were the means and the god of love himself the creator. Another poet, unable to decide whether his mistress is the fairest flower on the blossoming tree of youth or the loveliest ripple on the surging sea of beauty, prefers to think that after all she is the slender rod of admonition in the hand of the love-god for the chastisement of wayward lovers. But, says the Buddhist Dharmakīrti, too great beauty is an evil :

> The Creator counted not the wealth of beauty which he spent nor the greatness of his efforts. He made her a fever of sorrow for men that dwell in blissful ease; she herself is doomed to misery since she cannot find her peer. What then was the purpose of the Creator when he framed that slender maiden's body?

Of all Sanskrit poets, however, it is probably Bhavabhūti alone to whom physical charms have little appeal for their own sake and who goes beyond the body to speak of the beauty of the spirit ; but of him we shall speak later on.

Some poems are devoted entirely to the description of feminine charms in particularly erotic situations with lavish sensuous details. Of such a type are the erotic Bhāṇas or monologue-plays of which we have spoken elsewhere[1], as well as poems like *Caurī-surata-pañcāśikā* (or shortly *Caura-pañcāśikā*) of unknown authorship, which is usually ascribed to Bihlaṇa. This last poem consists of fifty lyrical stanzas on secret love, a large part of which is taken up by recollective word-pictures, which appear to be circumstantial, of stolen pleasures. In spite of its repetition of conventional ideas, imagery and situations, the simplicity of the Vasanta-tilaka stanzas, the swing of the verses, the directness of expression and the minute and often charming description of the details of past scenes of happy love render the poem unique in Sanskrit.[2] The monotony which is inevitable in such erotic poems is relieved by the vividness of its recollection of fleeting nights of pleasure, as well as by the variety of erotic description and ideas :

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[1] A Note on the Sanskrit Monologue-play in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1926, pp. 63f.

[2] It has been poetically, if somewhat freely, rendered into English verse by Sir Edwin Arnold.

> Even to-day I recollect her, as heedless of my falling at her feet to expiate my offence, she rushed away, flinging my hand off from the hem of her garment and crying out in anger "No, never!"
>
> Even to-day I see her pressing her dear face against mine in a kiss, while her twig-like arms encircled my neck, her breast clasped close to mine, and her playful eyes half-closed in ecstasy.
>
> Even to-day I see her secretly gazing at the mirror in which I was pictured while I stood behind her, all a-tremble and confused, utterly shamed between love and distraction.

Closely connected with these poems are those which are based directly on the study of the science of Erotics. The *vaiśika upacāra* or *vaiśikī kalā*, elaborated by Vātsyāyana and Bharata for the benefit of the man about town and the courtesan, has much in it that may be regarded as pornography; but works like the *Kuṭṭanī-mata* of Dāmodaragupta, the *Samaya-mātṛkā* of Kṣemendra or monologue-plays like the *Dhūrta-viṭa-saṁvāda* of Īśvaradatta, based as they are ostensibly on such study, cannot be too lightly rejected. The first work, whose title "Advice of a Procuress" sufficiently indicates its theme of instructing a young courtesan Mālatī in the art of winning love and gold, is indeed an elegant work of considerable interest, in which are set forth with graceful touches of wit and humour delicate problems in the doctrine of love. The first verse appropriately invokes the god of love :

> Victorious is that mind-born god, the bee who kisses the lotus-face of Rati, whose abode is the glance shot from the corner of the eyes of amorous maidens.

Here is a fine hyperbole which describes love-at-first-sight by relating the effect as appearing even before its cause :

> Malati's heart was conquered first by the arrow of the love-god, and then, O loved of women, by thee coming within the range of her vision (verse 96).

Or, take the following verse from the interesting confessions of the hetaera, which is not without a touch of humour, in spite of its obvious grossness :

> Listen, dear friend, to the amusing thing which the boorish fellow of a lover did to me to-day ; I had closed my eyes in the ecstasy of the moment, when, thinking me dead, he took fright and let go of me.

The industrious Kṣemendra tries his best to imitate Dāmodaragupta in his *Samaya-mātṛkā* or the "Original Book of Convention" for the hetaera; but his work, with its bald realism, has very little elegance or poetry. The *Dhūrta-viṭa-saṁvāda* is however, more interesting in many ways. The nominal "hero" of this monologue-play, a clever and experienced rake (Viṭa), finding the rainy season too depressing, comes out to spend the day in some amusement. He cannot afford dice and drinking—even his clothes have been reduced to one garment—so he wends his way towards the hetaera's street, meeting various kinds of people and ultimately reaching the house of the roguish couple Viśvalaka and Sunandā, where he passes the day in discussing certain knotty problems of Erotics put to him by the former, the title of the work "Dialogue between a Rogue and a Rake" thus appropriately describing its content. Some of the interesting topics discussed are : "If money alone attracts a courtesan, why do theorists speak of her as being good, bad or indifferent ?" "Why is it that the first union is not always pleasant ?" "How to propitiate an offended woman", and so forth. It is also characteristic that the Viṭa should combat with some heat the injunction of the moralists that one should avoid the company of woman, and end with an eloquent discourse on the joys of a rake's life, which in his opinion cannot be compared to the traditional delights of the moralist's heaven. This work, if not very poetical or elegant, gives us an amusing epitome of the aesthetic and erotic laws which govern the life of the man about town.

In these works, as well as in Sanskrit love-poetry generally, the woman is usually described to be as fully ardent as the man ; and as an interesting result of the comparative freedom which women in general enjoyed we find that women wooed men as often as men wooed women. Apart from the pictures of passionate heroines which we get in the poems themselves, we have some verses ascribed to women-poets like Vijjā (or Vijjakā), Śīlā-bhaṭṭārikā or Vikaṭanitambā which are sometimes more ardent and free in expression than those written by men-poets. Here is one verse attributed to Vikaṭanitambā :

> When the beloved came to the couch, the knot of my garment dissolved of its own accord, and, checked for a while by my loosened girdle, it slipped on to my buttocks. All this I remember clearly ; but at

> his intimate touch, dear friend, I swear if I have the faintest recollection of myself, or of him, or of what he did to me.

Bhāvakadevī expresses a finer and more pathetic sentiment in the one verse which is found in her name in the Anthologies :

> So then this body of ours first became one and undivided; thereafter thou wert the beloved, while I, bereft of all hope, was no longer thy darling. And now, thou art the lord, and we are only thy wife. What else? This heart of mine had been hard as adamant—now I am reaping the fruits thereof.

It is indeed a pathetic touch in this as well as in many other verses in the anthologies which show woman at her best ready for comradeship and love but man blind to it. A similar note is struck by another woman-poet Mārulā :

> "Why art thou so thin ?" "My limbs are such by nature ?" "Why dost thou look so dark in the face ?" "I had to cook for the elders in the house." "I hope thou dost remember me?" "No, no, no, I don't"—so saying the poor girl, weeping and all a-tremble, fell on my breast.

Another poetess, Indulekhā, describes by means of a pretty poetical fancy the affliction of the maiden whose lover has gone abroad :

> Some say—"It drops into the ocean"; others believe—"It mixes and becomes one with fire" ; while still others think—"It goes to another world." But how can I believe all this ? For I see with my own eyes that every evening the sun with its fierce heat comes and hides itself in the heart of the maiden whose lover has gone abroad.

Love sways women's heart no less than it sway man's, but it differs in different types of men and women, and the ways of wooing and love differ accordingly. The science of Poetics and Erotics take a delight in classifying these different types and analysing the varied effects of love on them. Thus we have arrangements into divisions and sub-divisions, according to rank, character, circumstances and the like, of all conceivable types of the hero, the heroine, their assistants and adjuncts, as well as of the different shades of their feeling and gestures ; and the sentiment of love is defined, analysed, and classified industriously in all its infinite moods and situations. The procedure, no doubt, possessed an attraction for mediaeval scholastic minds, but it also throws a great deal of light on the practice of the later poets who often follow these prescriptions faithfully. In his character as a lover, the hero is classified, for instance, into the faithful (*anukūla*) who confines himself to one, the gallant (*dakṣiṇa*) whose attention is distributed equally among the many, the sly (*śatha*) and the saucy (*dhūrta*). Of these the saucy lover is thus eulogized by Amaru :

> Happy the lover whom his enraged darling binds firm in the soft and supple embrace of her twig-like arms and bears before her friends into love's abode, to denounce his misdeeds in a soft voice that trembles as she says "Yet once more he wronged me", while he keeps on denying everything and laughing as she cries and pummels him.

But the hero may also be high-spirited, haughty, sportive or serene, according to his temperament. In the same way, the heroine, in relation to the hero may be his wife (*svīyā*) or belong to another (*parakīyā*) or be common to all (*sāmānyā*). The *svīyā* is subdivided again into the adolescent and artless (*mugdhā*), the youthful (*madhyā*) and the mature and audacious (*pragalbhā*) ; or, in other words, into the inexperienced, the partly experienced and the fully experienced. Of these the adolescent and artless heroine is the greatest favourite with the poets, who delight in depicting with a graceful touch the first dawn of love in her simple heart. Kālidāsa gives a fine description of the charms of adolescence in his picture of the girl Pārvatī budding into womanhood ; but the artless emotions of the adolescent heroine are best described by Amaru, some of whose verses in this connexion we have already quoted. Later theorists introduce greater fineness into the analysis by subdividing each of these heroines again, according to her temper, into the self-possessed, the not-self-possessed and the partly self-possessed ; or, according to the rank, higher or lower, each holds in the affection of the hero. The *parakīyā* or another man's wife, who is theoretically rejected in orthodox Poetics as a heroine, but who accordingly to other Śāstras is the highest type of the heroine, is twofold, according as she is maiden or married ; while the *sāmānyā* heroine, who is sometimes extolled and sometimes deprecated, is only of one kind, the *veśya* or the courtesan. The sixteen types of heroine thus obtained are further arranged, according to the eightfold diversity of her condition or situation in relation to her lover, into eight more different types; *viz.*, the heroine who has her lover under absolute control (*svādhīna-patikā*), the heroine disappointed in her assignation through misadventure or involuntary absence of the lover (*utkā*), the heroine in full dress expectant of her lover (*vāsaka-sajjā*), the heroine deceived (*vipralabdhā*), the heroine separated by a quarrel (*kalahāntaritā*), the heroine outraged by signs of unfaithfulness in the lover (*khaṇḍita*), the heroine who ventures out to meet her lover (*abhisārikā*) and lastly, the heroine pining away for the absence of the lover who has gone abroad (*proṣita-patikā*). Of the last, the typical example is the Yakṣa's wife in the *Megha-dūta*; but fine studies of the other types are to be found scattered in innumerable verses in the Anthologies. Here is an example of the *svādhīna-patikā* who makes other people jealous by winning the whole love of her husband to herself:

> My mother-in-law looks not at me, and when she looks there is a frown and crooked glance on her face; my husband's sister speaks cruel and piercing words ever and anon; what shall I say of others?—their conduct makes me tremble. O dear friend, all my fault is that my beloved looks at me with affection in his eyes.

Here is a picture of the daring *abhisārikā*, whom love alone makes bold in venturing out on a dark night:

> "Whither away, O slender-limbed one, in this dark night?" "Where dwelleth my beloved, who is dearer to me than life." "But tell me, lady, dost thou not fear to go alone?" "Is not Love with his feathered arrows my companion?"[1]

Very pretty is the picture of the newly married timid maiden, who is distracted between love and embarrassment:

> If she sleeps, she cannot gaze at the face of her beloved; if she does not sleep, her beloved would embarrass her by taking her by the hand. Distracted by such thoughts, the fair lady can neither sleep nor keep awake.

The outraged maiden pretends to be angry, but her lover sees through it:

> Thou dost not come to the couch, nor cast thy gaze, nor speak thy wonted sweet words, as if thou art angry with thy attendants. O thou fair one, whose fairness rivals the inmost petals of the *ketakī*-flower, this hiding of thine anger towards me would have been all right, had not thy companion smiled secretly with her face averted.

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[1] This verse is sometimes ascribed to the poetess Vijjakā.

The hapless lover laments that the night of reunion had been as brief as the nights of separation had been long :

> When formerly I suffered the sorrow of severance from my beloved, O night, in thee a hundred days passed away. Now when fate but hardly gave me reunion, thou shameless one, hast departed in the day itself.

The sorrow of the parted lover is too hard to bear :

> The mango-shoots here smoke with swarms of bees, here the Aśoka glows with bursting buds of flower, here the branches of the Kiṁśuka are coal-coloured with their dark shoots ; alas, where can I rest my weary eyes? Everywhere fate is cruel to me.

Even finer specimens than these will readily occur to any reader of Sanskrit poetry, but these will indicate the theme which are most favoured and the manner in which they are handled.

But the theorists do not stop with a general classification of the types of the hero and the heroine. They are endowed with a generous set of special excellences. In the case of the heroine we have first of all a mention of the physical characteristics connected with the emotion of love, *viz.*, *bhāva* or first indication of the emotion in a nature previously exempt, *hāva* or gestures indicating the awakening of the emotion, and *helā* or the decided manifestation of the feeling. Then we have seven inherent qualities *e.g.*, brilliance of youth, beauty and passion, the touch of loveliness given by love, sweetness, courage, meekness, radiance, while the different expressions of emotion, *e.g.*, gigling, trepidation, hysterical fluster of delight, involuntary expression of affection, self-suppression through bashfulness, affected repulse of endearments, as well as the deepest and tenderest display of sentiments are minutely analysed and classified. To this is added a detailed description and illustratiaon of the modes in which the different types of heroine display their emotion, the analysis ranging from the maidenly modest behaviour of the adolescent to the shameless boldness of the more experienced heroine.

These attempts indicate considerable power of analysis and subtle insight, but generally speaking, the analysis is more of the form than of the spirit, based on what we should consider accidents rather than essentials. At the same time, marked as it is by the artificiality of scholastic formalism, it is not made purely from a speculative point of view, and there is much in it which is based upon direct experience and observation of facts. The analysis itself is interesting, but what is regrettable is that later poets should accept them as unalterable conventions. This technical analysis and the authority of the theorists inevitably led to the growth of artificiality in love-poetry. Nevertheless, hedged in as they were by fixed rules and rigid conventions, it is remarkable that the poets could still produce fine poetic pictures out of their very limited and stereotyped material, and their verses succeed in encompassing poetically the various stages and aspects of love from its first awakening to its last stage of perfection or dissolution. The blooming of the Aśoka at the touch of the lady's feet, the first appearance of the mango-blossom and the swarming of bees as the symbol of springtime and meeting of lovers, the comparison of the lady's face to the moon or of her voice to the note of the Indian cuckoo are poetical conventions which are repeated uninterruptedly in Sanskrit love-poetry, but the following stanzas will indicate how these are often utilized for charming effects. To Rāmila and Somila, who are acknowledged by Kālidāsa himself as great poets but of whom nothing else has survived, the following verse, describing the fatal effect of springtime on the separated lover, is ascribed in the Anthologies :

> Had he been ill, he would have been emaciated; wounded, he would have bled ; bitten, he would have foamed with the venom. No sign of these is here; how then did the unhappy traveller meet with his death? Ah, I see. When the bees, wantonly greedy for honey, began to hum, the rash traveller let his gaze fall on the mango-bud.

The poet Madhukūṭa has a pretty fancy, if we make allowance for the conceit :

> O friend, I saw in a dream to-day that in the garden-house I was about to place my tinkling and reddened foot on the Aśoka tree to make it bloom. And then,—what shall I say? Even at that moment my naughty beloved, coming out suddenly and unperceived, from the depth of the groves, honoured my foot by placing it on his own head.

In the following verse by the poet Śṛṅgara, the companion of the lady is describing the maiden's lovelorn condition to her lover.

> When separated from thee, she never gazes on the moon, which gives her pain; that is why she never looks at her own face in the glass. She is afraid of listening to the note of the cuckoo ; that is why she seals up her own voice. She hates the flower-arrowed god who gives her unbearable sorrow,—and yet it is strange that she is more and more fond of thee who dost resembles so closely the love-god, her enemy.

In a verse attributed sometimes to Amaru and sometimes to Dharmakīrti, a love-sick swain wonders at the condition to which love has reduced him :

> She is young, but it is we who are shy : she is a woman, but it is we who are timid; she is weighed down with her ample hips, but it is we who can hardly walk; she bears the heaviness of high bosoms, but it is we who feel wearied. Is it not strange that we are rendered helpless by faults which do not belong to us ?

A lady is sending a delicate message to her fickle lover for whom she is still pining :

> Do not, dear friend, address any word of reproof to that cruel one for having failed to keep his appointment, nor need you inform him of this state of mine. Only ask for his welfare with the hope that it has perhaps come to his notice that the south wind is blowing and the mango-trees are in blossom.

Logic is unable to convince a lover :

> The bodiless god has only a few arrows and a bow made of flowers—how then can he hurt ? The mind as a mark is fine, formless and screened. All this logical impossibility I admit, and yet my actual experience contradicts it by its own palpable affliction.

Similar and even more poetical verses can be multiplied easily from the rich store-house of old Anthologies.

It must indeed be admitted that the influence of the theorists on the practice of the latter-day poets was not an unmixed good. While the poetry gained in finical nicety and subtlety, it lost a great deal of its unconscious freshness and spontaneity. One can never deny that the poet was still a sure and impeccable master of his own craft, but he seldom transports. The pictorial effect, the musical cadence and the wonderful spell of language are undoubted, but the poetry is more fanciful than delicate, more exquisite than passionate, and exhibits such a weakness for straining after effect that in the end nothing remains but mere fantasy or luxuriance of diction. It should not be forgotten that this poetry was not the spontaneous production of an uncritical and ingenuous age, but that it pre-supposed a phychology and a rhetoric which had been reduced to a system and which possessed a peculiar phraseology and a set of conceits of its own. We therefore meet over and over again with the same tricks of expression, the same strings of nouns and adjectives, the same set of situations, the same groups of conceits and the same system of emotional analysis. In the lesser poets the sentiment and expression are no longer fresh and varied but degenerate into rigid artistic conventions. But the greater poets could very often work up these romantic commonplaces and agreeable formulas into new shapes of beauty with remarkable power and poetic insight.

Making allowance for these inevitable limitations, it should nevertheless be conceded that this decadent erotic poetry is never so dull and dreary as the extensive Mahākāvya. The bloom is, no doubt, artificial, and the perfection is attained by careful culture; but very often we have in these neat little stanzas rare and pleasing moments of charm, which we miss in the more ambitious and elaborately composed Kāvyas. If they are dainty trifles, it is often in trifling things that poetry flourishes with daintiness of touch in metre, phrase, sound and sense, more than in the massive productions of erudite fancy. Perhaps the theme of love makes the poets readily moved and better articulate by its intimate character. Whatever may be the reason, the fact remains that this erotic poetry is often characterised by the tender and touching strain of a refined emotional inflatus.

The artificiality of this poetry is very often relieved by the wonderful feeling for natural scenery which this poetry reveals. In the descriptions of human emotion aspects of nature are very often skilfully interwoven; and the tropical summer and the rains play an important part in the affairs of human beings. It is during the commencement of the monsoon that the traveller returns home after long absence, and the expectant wives look at the clouds in eagerness, lifting up the ends of their curls in their hands; while the maiden who in hot summer distributes water to the thirsty traveller at the way-side resting-places, the Prapā-pālikā as she is called, naturally evokes a large number of erotic verses, which are now scattered over the Anthologies. Autumn and spring also inspire effective sketches with their mango-blossom, their southern breeze and their swarm of humming bees. Most of the effective metaphors and similes of Sanskrit love-poetry in general are drawn from such surrounding and familiar scenes. Even one poem the *Ṛtu-saṁhāra,* usually attributed to Kālidāsa, reviews in six cantos the six Indian seasons in detail and explains elegantly, if not with deep feeling, the season's meaning for the lover. The same power of utilizing nature as the background of human emotion is seen in the immortal *Megha-dūta,* in which the grief of the separated lovers, if somewhat sentimental, is nevertheless earnest in its intensity of recollective tenderness and in its being set in the midst of splendid natural scenery which makes it all the more poignant. The description of external nature in the first half of the poem is heightened throughout by an intimate association with human feeling; while the picture of the lover's sorrowing heart in the second half is skilfully framed in the surrounding beauty of nature. In the same way, the groves and gardens of nature form the background not only to the pretty and fanciful love-intrigues of the Sanskrit plays, but also to the human drama played in the hermitage of Kaṇva, to the madness of Purūravas, to the pathos of Rāma's hopeless grief for Sītā in the forest of Daṇḍaka, to the love of Kṛṣṇa and Rādhā on the banks of the Yamunā dark with the shadow of rain clouds.

This last reference brings us back to Jayadeva, author of the *Gīta-govinda,* the last great Sanskrit poet of the highest artistic accomplishment, in whom Sanskrit love-poetry, both in its technical and emotional aspects, reaches its climax. Jayadeva prides himself upon the grace, beauty and music of his diction as well as upon the delicacy of his sentiments, and the claims are not in any way extravagant. His theme is a simple and popular one—the eternally fascinating love-story of Kṛṣṇa and Rādhā with all its vicissitudes—a theme which must have been a living reality to the poet as well as to his audience. Though cast in a semi-dramatic form, the spirit is entirely lyrical; though modelled perhaps on the popular Kṛṣṇa-yātrā in its choral and melodramatic peculiarities, it is yet removed from it by its want of improvisation and mimetic qualities; though intended and still used for popular festivals where simplicity and directness alone would count, it yet possesses all the distinctive features of a deliberate and perfect work of art. There are three interlocutors in the poem, Kṛṣṇa, his Beloved and a lady-friend of the latter. Except the introductory descriptive or narrative verses written in the orthodox classical metres, the whole poem, divided into twelve cantos, consists chiefly of Padāvalīs or songs, to be sung in different tunes, in sets of lyrical stanzas, to which different moric metres are skilfully suited. The use of the refrain with these songs not only intensifies their haunting melody but also combines the detached stanzas into a perfect whole. But in reality we have narrative, description and speech finely interwoven with recitation and song, and strictly speaking, the poem is destitute of a regular form. All the emotions and situations of love, popularized by Sanskrit poets, are depicted—from its first awakening to its final fruition—and the whole effect is heightened by blending it harmoniously with the surrounding beauty of nature. All this is again enveloped by an undoubted lyrical splendour and verbal melody, of which it is difficult to find a parallel; and the poem can be regarded as almost creating a new *genre*.

Apart from its symbolical and spiritual meaning, the love that it depicts appears to be a reflex of the human emotion presented in a series of brilliant and extremely musical word-pictures, and the divine Kṛṣṇa and his consort are entirely humanized. Indeed, Jayadeva's poem is one of the best examples of that erotic mysticism which supplies the inspiration to most of the beautiful Vaiṣṇava lyrics in the vernacular. Devout yet sensuous, it expresses fervent religious longings in the intimate language of earthly passion, and illustrates finely the use of love-motives in the service of religion. But Jayadeva's achievement lies more in the direction of form than in the substance of his poem. It presents hardly any new ideas; it scarcely describes any situation or emotion which earlier love-poets have not familiarized; it only makes a skilful poetic use of all the conventions and traditions of Sanskrit love-poetry. But in pictorial and musical effect, which brings out the underlying emotion in a perfect blending of

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sound and sense, his work is a beautiful and finished production. His poem approximates to the original conception of the lyric as a song; and if there is any value in the theory that all poetry is an approximation to music, then Jayadeva's poem certainly attains its rank as the highest poetry, and his own claim that he is overlord of poets (*kavirāja-rāja*) is fully justified. He makes a wonderful use of the sheer beauty of words and their inherent melody of which Sanskrit is so capable; and this makes his poem untranslatable. No doubt, there is deliberate workmanship in the production of these effects, but all effort is successfully concealed in an effective simplicity and clarity, and there is hardly any perceptible straining of the language or sense.

The erotic mysticism to which Jayadeva's poem gives a fine and finished expression is also found in a somewhat degenerate form in a series of poems devoted either to a sensuous description of love-adventures of deities or to a detailed enumeration of their physical charms. We have, no doubt, innumerable imitations of the *Gīta-govinda* which deal with the loves of Hara and Gaurī, Rāma and Sītā, as well as of Kṛṣṇa and Rādhā, : but they are, like the imitations of *Megha-dūta,* feeble attempts in an worn-out style. Even independent works of a similar nature, like the *Śrī-kṛṣṇa-karṇāmṛta* of Līlā-śuka or the *Śṛṅgāra-rasa-maṇḍana* of Viṭṭhaleśvara can, in spite of their intense devotional fervour, be hardly compared with Jayadeva's immortal work. The same remarks apply to the large number of poems which are descriptive of the various love-adventures of Kṛṣṇa and Rādhā. There are also some earlier poems which make the love of deities their theme; but such works like the *Vakrokti-pañcāśikā* of Ratnākara are really exercises in style, illustrating the clever use of punning ambiguities, and they have scarcely any decided religious or mystical leaning. Following the much earlier tradition of Kālidāsa in his *Kumāra-sambhava*, the Sanskrit poets have not hesitated to ascribe sexual attributes to divine beings, or paint with lavish details the amours of their gods and goddesses; but in the hands of the lesser poets it cannot be said that they have ceased to offend in any less degree. The gentle description in short melodious stanzas of the love of deities in the benedictory verses of the various dramas and poems, like those in the *Priyadarśikā* or the *Ratnāvalī*, are indeed fine in taste and expression; but sometimes in detached stanzas, the poets love to describe their deities in particularly dubious amorous situations, the extreme sensuousness of which no amount of mystical interpretation can get over. On the other hand, Utprekṣāvallabha displays his knowledge of Erotics by describing in his *Bhikṣāṭana-kāvya* the gesture and feelings of Indra's nymphs at the sight of Śiva in the garb of a mendicant; while Mūka-kavi attempts a *tour de force* in five hundred erotico-religious stanzas, describing in each century of verses such physical charms and attributes of his deity as her smile, her side-long glances, her lotus-feet and so forth. The climax is reached in Lakṣmana Ācārya's *Caṇḍī-kuca-pañcāśikā*, which describes in fifty stanzas the beauty of Caṇḍī's breasts. It is not necessary to comment on the amazing taste displayed in poems of this type.

3. SANSKRIT ROMANCE AND DRAMA

What we have already said on the conception and treatment of love in Sanskrit Poetry applies more or less to the case of the Sanskrit Romance and Drama; for Sanskrit theory includes the Prose Romance and the Drama in the category of Poetry in general, and the practice of the romancer and the dramatist, in making his work approximate to the poetical productions, generally follow this prescription of the theorist. An attempt is throughout made to transfer all the graces and sentiments of Sanskrit poetry not only to the Romances but sometimes even to the folk-tale. The versified erotic tales, like the *Bihlaṇa-carita* or its replica the Sanskrit *Vidyā-sundara*, in both of which are imbedded partially the fifty stanzas of Caurī-surata, stand on a somewhat different footing; but they have hardly anything interesting in them except an extremely sensuous story of secret love, which was probably meant to supply a convenient framework for the fifty erotic stanzas mentioned above. They do not demand, therefore, any special notice. Nor is it necessary for our purpose to consider in detail the episodic love-tales of the conventional kind in the three Sanskrit versions of the *Bṛhat-kathā*, or the hardly edifying tales of unfaithful wives and cunning courtesans to be found scattered in works like the *Śuka-saptati*, the *Vetāla-*

pañcaviṁśati, the Dvātriṁśat-puttalikā, or even the *Pañcatantra;* for though love is the motif in these stories, the narrative is the most important element, and most of the tales do not attain the level of literature.

The elegant style of Daṇḍin in his *Daśa-kumāra-carita,* his easy narrative, his vivid realism, his superior power of characterisation and description, his humour and wit, and his fine literary sense in avoiding excess of all kinds may incline one to make an exception in his favour ; but even in his tales of the adventures of the Ten Princes the narrative and description form the main interest, and love is hardly treated for its own sake. His descriptive power is undoubted ; and he deserves all praise for the erotic pictures he draws, for instance, of the sleeping Ambalikā, of the beautiful maiden of the underground dwelling, of the damsel playing with the *kanduka,* or of the deception of the ascetic by the hetaera, as well as of various other erotic situations in his love-tales ; but at the same time they can hardly be taken as the best specimens of Sanskrit erotic literature. In the story of Mātṛgupta love is defined as determination to possess, and throughout the work it appears as self-fulfilment. It has been truly said of these stories that "love here appears in the highest and most passionate form as an affair of the senses ;...love at first sight, love which demands fulfilment without delay and despises every obstacle, is the normal motif ; and in detail the pictures of love-pleasures are often such as evoke censure even from Indian critics."

It is also hardly necessary to consider in detail Prose Romances like the *Vāsavadattā,* and even the *Kādambarī,* in which the main theme is that the hero and the heroine, who fall in love at first sight or in a dream-vision, are at last happily united after a series of adventures. There is a great deal of poetry, pathos and sentiment in these romances, but they are studiedly artificial ; and the various features common to these romantic narratives are a minute portraiture of the personal beauty of the lovers and their various generous qualities, their passionate, if somewhat sentimental longing for each other, a record of the misfortunes obstructing the fulfilment of their desires, a description of the pangs of thwarted love, and lastly the preservation of their love amidst all trials and dangers until their final union. The authors not only display to the best advantage their knowledge of Erotics and Poetics but also employ the whole stock-in-trade of Indian story-telling,—the vision of the beloved in a dream, the talking parrot, the fatal effect of an ascetic's curse, transformation of shapes, the magic steed and the voice in the air. It is only by their wonderful spell of language and vivid picturesqueness of imagery that these sentimental romances always retain their hold on the imagination of the reader; but it would often seem that while the nobly wrought diction moves along with royal dignity and splendour, the poor story lags behind in the entourage, and the flaccid sentiment hobbles along as best as it can. The supreme realities of love are seldom mirrored in them, and the imagination is more sentimental than really passionate. Only in Bāṇa's *Kādambarī* does one find a poetic picture of youthful and tender love, having its root not only in this life but also in the recollective feeling of cycles of existence—a fine poetic treatment of the possibilities of the belief in transmigration, to which Kālidāsa also gives expression in the famous verse, which speaks of

> The friendships of former births firmly rooted in the heart.

Even if love in this romance moves in the somewhat strange and fantastic atmosphere of myth and folk-tale, the unreality of the dream--pageant acquires a new vitality and interest from the graceful yet passionate treatment of the tenderness of human love, chastened by sorrow and death, enlivened by abiding hope and hightened by a touch of intrepid idealism. The extravagances of the luxuriant diction have been condemned by modern critics, but its undoubted melody, majesty and picturesqueness help to make it a fit vehicle for the strange story, which images that supreme form of the youthful passion which has no beginning nor end, to which time and space are but names, whose vision is beauty, and the breath of which is immortal joy, or sorrow which means joy. Subandhu has in one place described the sublimity of this passion with a somewhat fantastic poetic supposition:

> The sorrow which this maiden hath endured because of thee might be written or told somehow in thousands of aeons, if the sky were the paper, the sea the ink-well, Brahmā himself the scribe and Vāsuki with his thousand heads the narrator.

The picture of the unswerving and pathetic fidelity of the love-lorn Mahāśvetā awaiting her lover at the lake of Acchoda reminds one forcibly of the youthful Pārvatī doing penance on the naked rock, of the despised Śakuntalā in the penance-grove of Mārīca, or of the abondoned Sītā in the hermitage of Vālmīki. The spontaneous love which springs up in young hearts as a dim recollection of forgotten affections of a former birth is beautifully expressed in another context by Bhavabhūti, and his words may stand as a fitting commentary on the conception of love revealed in this romance :

> Is it a chance-encounter, or the wealth of splendid qualities, or an ancient love, firmly rooted in a former birth, or a common tie unknown through the might of fate, which draws close my heart to him even at first sight?

The conception and treatment of love in Sanskrit Drama is much richer, fuller and more human. With just a few notable exceptions love has been the dominant theme of this romantic drama, which obeys neither the unity of time nor the unity of place and includes in its sweep of imagination both heaven and earth with human, divine and semi-divine personages. Of the exceptions alluded to above, the *Mudrā-rākṣasa* and the *Veṇī-saṁhāra* possess other interests and entirely eschews love ; but in Harṣa's *Nāgānanda* which dramatises the obviously Buddhist legend of the self-sacrifice of Jīmūtavāhana, there is an underplot, very loosely connected with the main theme, which depicts the love of the hero for Malayavatī. There is, however, hardly anything remarkable in this rather conventional love-story, but there are some erotic verses of exquisite beauty which have rightly found a place in most anthologies. Here we select a specimen which describes the shyness of the newly wedded wife which endears her all the more to her husband :

> Looked at, she casts down her eyes; addressed, she makes no reply ; forcibly embraced, she lies averted on the couch and trembles ; when her companions leave the chamber, she also seeks to depart. Perverse though she be, my newly wedded love delights me more and more (iii, 4).

Harṣa's two other dramas, effectively devised in plot, are elegant little plays concerned with pretty love-intrigues of royal courts. Each of them is based on one of the numerous amourettes of the gay and courtly lover Udayana, the beau ideal of Sanskrit plays, whose story had been so popularized by the *Bṛhatkathā* that, as Kālidāsa himself assures us, it had taken a hold on the imagination of every old village story-teller of Avanti. The hero is a carefree and courteous gentleman, an ideal *dakṣiṇa nāyaka* with a great capacity of falling in and out of love; while the heroines are rather faintly drawn ingénues with nothing but good looks and willingness to be loved by the incorrigible king-lover. But the stock theme of the progress of the love-intrigue through hinderances to royal love for a lowly maiden and its denouement in the ultimate discovery of her status as a princess has little that is original or absorbing. The same remarks apply more or less to the *Svapna-vāsavadatta* attributed to Bhasa, which deals with the same theme, although the motif of the dream is finely conceived, the characters of the two heroines more effectively discriminated, and the gay old lover of Harṣa's drama is figured as a more serious, faithful, if somewhat love-sick, and imaginative lover. Not much advance is noticeable in Kālidāsa's *Mālavikāgnimitra*, a presumably youthful production of the great poet, which deals with a similar banal theme of courtly love and intrigue, although in this play the passionate impetuosity and jealousy of Irāvatī are finely set off against the pathetic dignity and magnanimity of Dhāriṇī. At any rate, the pretty sentiment depicted in these light-hearted plays hardly deserves such a warm-blooded term as "love".

Of the other so-called Bhāsa-dramas, which deal directly with love, the *Pratimā* and *Abhiṣeka Nāṭaka* are rather unoriginal dramatisations of the time-worn Rāma-story, while the *Avimāraka*, though interesting for its somewhat refreshing plot, based undoubtedly on folk-tale, of the love of a plebian for a princess, has a rather lame denouement of a happy marriage and a sentimental and melodramatic atmosphere in which the hero seeks suicide twice and the heroine once. The *Mahāvīra-carita* of Bhavabhūti, the two Rāma-dramas of Murāri and Jayadeva respectively, or the enormous anonymous and semi-dramatic *Mahānṭaka* on the same theme, have little real love-interest in them; while the *Āścarya-cūḍāmaṇi* of Śaktibhadra and the *Kundamālā* of Dhīranāga (or Vīranāga) have nothing remarkable in them from our point of view, except the pretty device of a token of recognition (*abhijñāna*) which is so familiar in Sanskrit drama. It is also not necessary to take into account the rather insipid plays of Rājaśekhara (even including his *Viddha-śālabhañjikā* and its pretty fancy), who was more concerned with exercises in style than with real poetry or dramatic values. Most of the Rāma-dramas suffer from the common mistake of choosing an epic theme for the drama and of preferring types for individuals.

More interesting from our point of view are the *Mālatī-mādhava* of Bhavabhūti and the *Vikramorvaśīya* of Kālidāsa, both of which mark an advance upon the more or less conventional Sanskrit plays mentioned above. But even these two remarkable poetical works—dramatic poems rather than dramas—do not give us the best and highest conception of love in Sanskrit dramatic literature. The *Mālatī-mādhava,* less poetical of the two, has yet an interesting, if loosely constructed, plot, some comic relief, some touch of the terrible and the supernatural ; but there is little individuality either in the hero or the heroine who are of the usual conventional type. There is, however, a great deal of tenderness, pathos and intensity in Bhavadhūti's picture of youthful passion, which reaches its most mature and mellow expression in his *Uttara-rāma-carita.* For once we turn from royal courts to a more plebian atmospher, and the essential traits of humanity are not lacking even in its somewhat sentimental picture of love. For, in spite of a great deal of melodrama which sometimes mars the pathetic effects, there is an unmistakable earnestness in the description of the joys and sorrows of the lovers. The words of Makaranda to the love-lorn Mādhava (i, 20) may well be taken as the keynote of this pretty love-story :

> The potent will of Love wanders unobstructed through the universe; youth is susceptible; and every sweet and charming thing shakes off the firmness of the mind.

But even if Bhavabhūti's conception of love in this drama is one which is normal enough in Sanskrit literature, the pure and intense poetic quality of his verse relieves its banality, while Bhavabhūti appears to be far more serious than most light-hearted Sanskrit poets. Much of the talk of love and grief in this drama is unconvinccing ; but the picture of Mālatī tossed between love and duty, for instance, or the description of the first dawn of the passion in the hero is in the best manner of the poet. Mādhava loves being in love; but the effect of the passion on his youthful mind is much more forcibly described than what we find in such a case in the usual sentimental poetry:

> An emotion, surpassing exact determination, baffling all power of description, never before experienced in this birth of mine, impenetrable because of a growing infatuation consequent upon the loss of all discrimination,—such a confusing emotion is at once numbing me within and filling me with a torment of fire (i, 29).
>
> Though an object be before my gaze, discernment is lost; even with regard to things familiar to me, remembrance becomes unpleasant because of its falsity; neither in the cool lake nor in the moonbeams can my torment be allayed; my mind, devoid of fixity, wanders and yet records something (i, 30).

As the passion grows, Mādhava exclaims:

> Would those endearments, sweet by nature and soft with emotion, be mine,—endearments that spring from young affection and grow deep with increasing intimacy. Even when those indications of love are merely pictured by imagination, the mind becomes completely and joyfully absorbed in them, and the workings of the outward senses are for the moment suspended (v, 7).
>
> That Beloved of mine is fixed in my mind as if she were merged in it, mirrored in it, depicted on it, inscribed into it, planted in it, cemented into it with adament, deeply buried into it, nailed to it by all the five arrows of Love, or firmly sewn into the fabric of my thought in continuous recollection (v, 10).

To Mādhava all this is as unmeaning and inevitable as the magnet drawing the unresisting ore. His friend assures him:

> What brings things together is some inward mysterious virtue; it is certainly not upon outward form that affection rests. The day-lotus blooms not till the sun has risen, nor does the moonstone melt till it feels the moon (i, 27).

The intensity of undisciplined passion which makes Mādhava feel that his heart is, as it were, "snatched off, pierced, swallowed up and uprooted" (i, 26), and which spreads like a poison or burns like a smouldering fire in the equally helpless Mālatī (ii, 1), is also seen in Purūravas' mad search for Urvaśī in the Fourth Act Kālidāsa's *Vikramorvaśīya*. Though melodramatic in places and weak in its denouement, the drama reaches an almost lyric height in the description of the king's distraction. As he wanders through the woods in search of his beloved, he deems the friendly cloud with its rainbow to be a demon with a hostile quiver, which has borne his beauteous bride away. He demands tidings of his fugitive love from the peacock, the cuckoo, the flamingo, the bee, the elephant, the boar and the antelope. Sometimes he imagines her transformed into a stream, whose rippling waves are her eye-brows, the foamy spray her white loose floating garment and the fluttering line of birds on its water her tinkling girdle. He searches the unyielding soil, softened by showers, which may perchance, if she had passed that way, have retained the delicate impression of her gait and show some vestige of the red tincture of her dyed feet. The whole scene is lyrically conceived; every verse is fully charged with isolated emotion, and other thoughts than those of love do not intrude upon it. But we have hardly anything else in this drama but this isolation of individual passion.

But when we come to the three great Sanskrit dramas, the *Abhijñāna-śakuntala*, *Uttara-rāma-carita* and *Mṛcchakaṭika*, each of which looks at the question from a peculiar point of view, we find a picture of love deeply conceived and nobly wrought. It has been said that mighty passion has its root in tragedy and seeks relief in comedy. Generally speaking, neither deep tragedy nor great laughter is to be found in Sanskrit literature. The Sanskrit poets appear to be content only with the elegant symbols of reality rather than strive for the reality itself. It is only in the drama, which could take love not as an isolated passion but as a factor of a larger life and envisage it in its fulness, that we sometimes find the vision of a love, serious, infinite and divine. For this, the lyrical stanza was perhaps too circumscribed. In the lyrics love is an end in itself, being synonymous with pleasure or with pain which means pleasure; but in the drama there is a progressive deepening of the spiritual motive, leading love to a wider and fuller life from the mere isolation of a self-satisfied passion.

It has been said by a critic of Sanskrit Drama that Kālidāsa, as well as Bhavabhūti, shows in his writings no interest in the great problems of life and destiny. It is indeed a misdirected effort which seeks to find a problem or a message in a work of art and attempts to turn a poet into a philosopher. The ethical motive, if there is one, is not and cannot be writ large upon a poet's utterance, so that one who runs may read. But it is difficult to reconcile the view quoted above with the well-known panegyric of no less an artist than Goethe who speaks of finding in Kālidāsa's masterpiece "the young year's blossom and the fruit of its decline", and "the earth and heaven itself combined in one name." In spite of its obvious poetical exaggeration, this metaphorical but eloquent praise sums up with unerring insight the deeper issues of the drama, which are bound to be lost sight of by one who looks to it merely for a message or for a philosophy of life.

The *Abhijñāna-śakuntala,* unlike most Sanskrit plays, is not based on the mere banality of a court-intrigue but gives us a picture of love, at first youthful and heedless, but later on purified by suffering and gaining in depth and beauty by the tribulation of the spirit. Contrasted with the *Vikramorvaśīya* and the *Mālatī-mādhava,* the suffering of the hero and the heroine in this drama is far more human, far more genuine; and love is no longer an explosive emotion, ending in madness or in a frame of mind nearly akin to it, but a deep and steadfast enthusiasm, or rather a progressive emotional experience which results in an abiding spiritual feeling.

The drama opens with a description of the vernal season, made for enjoyment (*upabhoga-kṣama*); and even in the hermitage where thoughts of love are out of place, the season extends its witchery and makes the minds of the young hero and and heroine turn lightly to such forbidden thoughts. At the outset we find Śakuntalā, an adopted child of nature, in the daily occupation of tending the friendly trees and creepers and watching them grow and bloom, herself a youthful blossom, her mind delicately attuned to the sights and sounds in the midst of which she had grown up since she had been deserted by her *amānuṣī* mother. On this scene appears the more sophisticated royal hero, full of the pride of youth and power but with a noble presence which inspires love and confidence, possessed of scrupulous regard for rectitude but withal susceptible to rash youthful impulses, considerate of others and alive to the dignity and responsibility of his high station but accustomed to every fulfilment of his wishes and extremely self-confident in the promptings of his own heart. He is egoistic enough to believe that everything he wishes must be right because he wishes it, and everything does happen as he wishes it. In his impetuous desire to gain what he wants, he does not even think it necessary to wait for the return of Kaṇva. It was easy for him to carry the young girl off her feet; for though brought up in the peaceful seclusion and stern discipline of a hermitage, she was yet possessed of a natural inward longing for the love and happiness which were due to her youth and beauty. Though fostered by a sage and herself the daughter of an ascetic, she was yet the daughter of a nymph whose intoxicating beauty had once achieved a conquest over the austere and terrible Viśvāmitra. This beauty and this power she had inherited from her mother, as well as an inborn shrewdness and a desire for love; is she not going to make her own conquest over this great king? For such youthful lovers, love can never think of the morrow, it can only think of the moment. All was easy at first; the secret union to which they committed themselves obtains the ratification of the foster-father. But soon she realises the pity of taking love as an end in itself, of making the moment stand for eternity. The suffering comes as swiftly and unexpectedly as the happiness was headlong and heedless.

To these thoughtless lovers the curse of Durvāsas comes to play the part of a stern but beneficent providence. With high hopes and unaware of the impending catastrophe, she leaves for the house of her king-lover, tenderly taking farewell from her sylvan friends, who seem to be filled with an unconscious anxiety for her; but very soon she finds herself standing utterly humiliated in the eyes of the world. Her grief, remorse and self-pity are aggravated by the accusation of unseemly haste and secrecy from Gautamī as well as by the sterner rebuke of Śārṅgarava: "Thus does one's heedlessness lead to disaster!" But the unkindest cut comes from her lover himself who insultingly refers to instincts of feminine shrewdness, and compares her, without knowing, to the turbid swelling flood which drags others also in its fall. Irony in drama or in life can go no further. But the daughter of a nymph as she was, she had also the spirit of her fierce and austere father, and ultimately emerges triumphant from the ordeal of sorrow. She stands up for her rights, but soon realises that she has lost all in her gambling for happiness, and a wordy warfare is useless. She could not keep her lover by her youth and beauty alone. She bows to the inevitable; and chastened and transformed by patient suffering, she wins back in the end her husband and her happiness. But the king is as yet oblivious of what is in store for him. Still arrogant, ironical and self-confident, he wonders who the veiled lady might be; her beauty draws him as irresistibly as it once did, and yet his sense of rectitude forbids any improper thought. But his punishment comes in due course; for he was the greater culprit who had dragged the unsophisticated girl from her sylvan surroundings and left her unwittingly in the mire. When the ring of recognition is recovered, he realises the gravity of his act. Her resigned and reproachful form now haunts him and gives him no peace in the midst of his royal duties; and his utter helplessness in rendering any reparation makes his grief more intense and poignant. The scene now changes from earth to heaven, from the hermitage of Kaṇva and the court of the king to the penance-grove of Mārīca; love that was of the earth, earthy, changes to love that is spiritual and divine. The strangely estranged pair is again brought together equally strangely, but not until they have passed through the baptism of sorrow and become ready for a perfect reunion of hearts. There is no explanation, no apology, no recrimination nor any demand for reparation. Śakuntalā has now learnt in silence the lessons of her suffering; and with his former self-complacency and impetuous desire left behind, the king comes, chastened and subdued, a wiser and sadder man. The young year's blossom now ripens into the mellow fruit of autumnal maturity.

Through the same chastening influence of sorrow, the *Uttara-rāma-carita* of Bhavabhūti idealises conjugal love in a way which is unparalleled in Sanskrit, or perhaps in any literature. Although the story is based on the great Epic, the sentiment here is far more homely, far more real and human. There are indeed charming pictures of domestic happiness in earlier literature; but the causes, both social and religious, which lowered women in public estimation by depriving them of their earlier freedom and dignity, naturally hindered the evolution of free conjugal relation. It is conceivable that the larger and more heterogeneous group composing the family in ancient India may have also hampered its growth; for a girl left her farther's home to enter the home not of her husband but of her father-in-law. This is in accordance with the side-lights thrown on domestic life in earlier literature; for the husband is figured merely as one of the factors of the much bigger family. Wedded love was indeed highly prized, but ordinary marriages were often prompted by motives of convenience, among which must be reckoned the supreme necessity of having a son for religious purposes; and self-choice of husband was almost entirely confined to the Epics, being forbidden by the customary Smṛtis, even if permitted by the Kāma-śāstra. The Aśokan edicts, though now and then didactic on family relations, are silent as to conjugal life; but the Epics as well as the Dharma-śāstras are full of utilitarian precepts—not mere priestly generalisations—regarding marriage; and domestic happiness is summed up in the loyalty of a fruitful, patient and thrifty wife. Moreover, the unchecked existence of polygamy rendered the position of the wife difficult and sometimes less than real. When like queen Dhāriṇī she finds herself treated by her husband with scant grace and deserted for a younger rival, it is often useless for her to show her temper and jealousy like Irāvatī; she can, if she is shrewd and discreet, only say pathetically: *ṇa me eso maccharassa kālo,* "this is not for me a time for jealousy", and all that is possible for her to do is to make the best of a bad job by falling back upon her own sense of dignity and pride. The author of the *Mṛcchakaṭika* very discreetly keeps Cārudatta's wife in the background; on the very rare occasions in which she does appear, we have just a sad and dignified picture, in which her gentleness and generosity are not feigned indeed but are apparently virtues made of necessity.

Even from antiquity Indian opinion represented the god of love as different from the deities who presided over marriage and fertility. Marriage was made into a religious duty, but love could not but be fancy-free. No doubt, restrictions placed on the physical gratification of love except in marriage are not only due to moral and social necessity, but they also indicate a tendency which harmonises with the biological law that mating is the final cause of love. But in a society where mating was also a religious duty and where conjugal relation was moulded by a peculiar social evolution, an errant tendency was inevitable; and many writers have not hesitated to express a startingly heterodox view. One poet represents married life as a prison-house and lifts his hand in horror at the idea of marriage :

> Insensible from birth to joys of love, ever showing a piteous face, speaking only in indistinct murmurs, cooling the ardour even of a carefree man, so much draped in modesty that she has perhaps denied even herself a sight of her own limbs, a beast framed in the shape of a woman,—do not, O friend, ever think of entering the prison-house presented in the bodily form of a wife !

A genuine praise of the wife like the following is comparatively rare :

> She moves not further than the limits of her own chamber of love; her speech never strays beyond the ears of her companions; her smile is ever confined to her soft red lips ; her glances are always fixed on her feet ; her heart never strives beyond the wishes of her husband ; her anger never passes the furthest limits of silence. For the noble wife everythng has its limits : her love alone is limitless.

But the usual note is that of glorification of the love-union permitted by the Kāma-śāstra :

> The moon is not scandalised; the sweet words of the go-between are not heard; hot sighs do not scorch the heart; the body does not grow thin. This placid state of contentment in which men sleep, clasping their own wives, docile and dependent,—is this love ? It is only a religious vow which the householder observes with difficulty.

It is not difficult to understand a similar attitude on the part of the wife ; and this will perhaps explain the numberless tales of the naughty and cunning wife's intrigues in Sanskrit folk-tale. A more refined sentiment is expressed by one lady who is impatient with the perfect spouse, for he has all the virtues of a stage-hero, but none of a lover which alone can make her happiness perfect. Free courtship is thus recognised as a stimulus of love ; and if preservation of love in a permanent union is analysed, it will be found that it depends more or less on a continuous process of courtship. Married love can remain unspoiled by time and familiarity and retain its romance and beauty only where there is enough of that idealism which can make such continuous courtship possible, and redeem conjugal love from the debasing contact of the littleness of life's daily experience.

In such an atmosphere where the tendency to take the marriage vow lightly was not uncommon, it is refreshing indeed to find a great poet like Bhavabhūti taking up the theme of conjugal love as a form of pure and tender affection, ripening into an abiding passion. In setting it forth in all its poetic beauty and charm he could not but avoid the uncongenial realism of contemporary life and go back to the poetry and idealism of the enchanting story of Rāma and Sītā of the great Epic. We already find the virtues of conjugal love—a blend of sex-feeling, parent-feeling and comradeship—extolled by the wise Kāmandakī in her advice to Mādhava and Mālatī (i, 38):

> Know, my dear children, that to a wife her husband and to a husband his lawful wife are, each to each, the dearest of friends, the sum-total of relationships, the completeness of desire, the perfection of treasures, even life itself.

But the poet must have realised that all the ideal implications of such a theme can be best brought out, not by an invented plot nor by a story based on the littleness of actual life, but by the half-mythical and half-human legend of bygone days, which had already taken its hold on the popular imagination by its pathos and poetry, and round which a hundred romantic associations had already gathered. It was not Bhavabhūti's purpose to draw the figures on his canvas on the generous and heroic scale of the Epic; but he wanted to add to the ancient tale an intensity of human feeling and a genuine emotional tone which would transform the old-world legend into one of everyday experience, the story of high ideals into one of vivid reality.

In this drama Bhavabhūti's Rāma and Sītā are from the beginning man and woman of more strenuous life and deeper experience than Duṣyanta and his woodland love. In the opening Act which has been praised so often and which finely strikes the keynote of the drama, the newly crowned king of Ayodhyā with his beloved spouse and his ever faithful brother is looking over pictures which recall the dear memory of their past sorrow; for sorrow remembered, as Kālidāsa puts it, has now become a bliss. It is quite possible that Bhavabhūti's rich and poetic conception of this scene was based on the hint supplied by Kālidāsa's verse (*Raghu*, xiv, 25):

> In the pictured chambers, surrounded by all desirable objects of enjoyment, the sorrows which they had suffered in Daṇḍaka, now recalled to the mind, became pleasures.

But this scene, which is made the occasion for the tender and deep attachment of Rāma and Sītā to show itself, also heightens by contrast the grief of the separation which immediately follows. There is a fine note of tragic irony not only in Rāma's assurance that such a separation as they had suffered would never happen again, in Lakṣmaṇa inadvertant allusion to the fire-ordeal and Rāma's instant declaration of his firm disbelief in base rumours, but also in Sītā's passionate clinging to the memories of past joy and sorrow on the verge of a still more cruel fate. The blow comes just at the moment when the tired, timid and confiding Sītā falls asleep on his arms, and Rāma, gazing on her face exclaims :

> She is Fortune herself in my home; she is a pencil of ambrosia for my eyes; her touch here on my body is as sweet and fragrant as the abundant juice of the sandal; this her arm round by neck is cool and soft as a necklace of pearls. What of her is not dear, save only the misery of separation from her? (i, 38).

When the cup of happiness, full to the brim, had just been raised to his lips, it was dashed off from his hand ; and one can understand the sentimental breakdown which immediately follows in the conflict between his love and his stern sense of kingly duty. With the responsibilities of State newly laid on his shoulders Rāma is perhaps more self-exacting than is right or just to himself ; but having abandoned the faithful and dear wife who had been his constant companion ever since childhood, he nevertheless suffers. His forlornness and self-pity are decribed in his own words :

> From childhood on, with kind cares, have I ministered to her wants ; she, my dearest, who in her great love has nothing but me on whom she can rest,—her I am treacherously handing over to death, as does a butcher his pet house-bird (i, 45).

The scene of the next two Acts is laid in the midst of the old familiar scenes of Daṇḍaka and Pañcavatī, which Rāma revisits. Twelve years have elapsed in the meantime after the great event of Sītā's exile. His sorrow has mellowed down with time, but it is not less intense, and he is still loyal and devoted to the memory of his lost wife. Now it is made alive with the recollection of their early experience of married love in these forests, where even in exile they had been happy. Here was his sorrow's crown of sorrow. The pale, sorrowing but resigned Sītā now appears in a spirit-form, unseen by mortals, and is made an unwilling listener to the confessions her husband makes unknowingly of his great love and fidelity. The reconciliation of hearts is now complete; and with an admirable delicacy of touch the poet describes her gradual but generous surrender to the proof that though harsh he deeply loves her. When Vāsantī, who cannot yet take kindly to Rāma, reproves him on his heartless act to his wife in a half-finished but bitter speech:

> "Thou art my life, thou art my second heart, thou the moon-light of my eyes, thou the ambrosia to my body"—with these and a hundred other words of endearment, thou hast beguiled her simple and loving soul; and her now—but alas, what is the use of uttering the rest? (iii, 26).

and denounces him in her righteous wrath:

> O thou hard-hearted one, is it honour that thou dost profess to hold dear? What dishonour, I ask, is more dreadful than this? (iii, 27).

Her pitiless words aggravate his grief; but the unseen Sītā, with a characteristic want of logic but with the true instincts of a loving heart, defends her husband and refuses to listen to any disparagement from outside. The denouement of reunion is only a logical development of this scene, for here was the real reunion of hearts unknown to each other.

Both these scenes are really poetical studies of the memory of love in the presence of suffering, a theme which has been treated in various ways in the *Megha-dūta*, in the lamentation of Aja in *Raghu-vaṁśa* and in Rati's mourning in *Kumāra-saṁbhava* But in intensity and range, as well as in vividness of touch, Bhavabhūti vies successfully with Kālidāsa. Admirable also is his conception of love revealed in these scenes, which is far more serious and touching than is usual in Sanskrit love-poetry. He is not concerned with the romantic or light-hearted intrigues and amourettes of royal personages, nor is his theme, in spite of the introduction of the supernatural, the treatment of a legendary subject removed from the reality of everyday experience. His descriptions are marked by an extraordinary realism of sensations; but mere physical charms, extolled so much by Sanskrit poets, have hardly any appeal for him, and he seldom describes them for their own sake. It is the pure and tender human feeling that he loves to portray. Here is a description of the sorrowing Sītā in the forest (iii, 4, 5):

> Unto the woodland goes the daughter of Janaka, the very image of Pathos, or the incarnation of the Grief of Separation—the braid of her hair all loose, and her face lovely even in the very paleness of of its emaciated cheeks.
>
> Her long and remorseless sorrow, parching up the flower of her heart, withers away her body, now all pale and thin, like the tender sprout torn from its stalk,—as does the autumnal heat the inmost petal of a ketakī-flower.

Rāma's appearance in the same scene is thus described by Vāsantī to Sītā :

> With his limbs lovely like the fresh blue lotus, he used to bring supreme delight to thine eyes, and looked new and ever new to thee, though seen at will and aways. But now with his limbs all lifeless, overspread with paleness and extremely enfeebled, he can hardly be recognised as the same ; and yet he is charming to thy sight (iii, 22).

When Sītā gazes on his pale face with affectionate concern, her companion remarks :

> Tremulous in an overwhelming flood of tears both of joy and sorrow, and wide-open by the up-turning of the eye-lashes, thine eyes seem to bathe, as it were, the lord of thy heart in an overflow of affection, as if by a stream of milk, white and copious and charming (iii, 23).

The love of Rāma and Sītā has been cherished through long ages as an elevated ideal, but Bhavabhūti, while preserving the ideality of the theme, does not remove it from the reality of common manhood and womanhood. There are fine human touches throught the drama: in Rāma's recollection, for instance, of Sītā as a child-bride bringing delight to his parents, or of Sītā exhausted with fatigue of long journey during their wanderings as exiles, or in her gentle jest at Lakṣmaṇa over Urmilā's picture. As sleep comes on, Sītā is looking about for something to repose on; but Rāma affectionately spreads his own arm as a pillow (i, 37) :

> Ever since the time of our wedding, at home or in the forest, in girlhood and then again in young womanhood, what has always lulled thee to sleep and what no other woman can claim,—Rāma's arm, thy pillow, is here.

The same touch is also to be found in Rāma's tender recollection of the early days of married love when in the humble cottage on the banks of the Godāvarī

> Softly and gently, cheek pressed against cheek, we whispered soft nothings, each clasping the other in a warm embrace,—thus did the night come to an end, its watches speeding unnoticed (i, 27).

The famous recognition scene in Act IV, which forms a natural psychological climax leading on to the denouement, has the same delicacy of touch, in which Bhavabhūti attempts to rival Kālidāsa. Neither Kālidāsa nor Bhavabhūti forgets that the crown of widded love is the offspring, who completes the union and who, as Bhavabhūti puts it, ties in a common knot the strands of its parent's hearts.

This then is Bhavabhūti's conception of love as an emotion which is finely spiritual and yet intensely human. It is the same, as he puts it (i, 39), in happiness and in sorrow, adapted to every circumstance, ever bringing solace to the heart, unspoiled by age, abiding as a perfect and ripened affection, mellowing and becoming more desirable as in course of time the veil of reserve drops, a supreme blessing attained after a sore trial only by those who are fortunate.

Bhavabhūti praises himself for his "mastery of speech" and claims merit for "felicity and richness of expression as well as depth of meaning"; and the praise that he arrogates for himself is fully deserved. The qualities in which he excels are his power of vivid and often rugged, or even grotesque, description, the nobility and earnestness of his conception, a genuine emotional tone, and a love for all that is deep and poignant as well as grand and awe-inspiring in life and nature. Contrasted with Kālidāsa, however, he lacks grace and polish and fastidious technical finish; but his tendency was not towards the ornate and the finical but towards the grotesque and the rugged, not towards achieving perfection of form but towards realising the integrity and sincerity of primal sensations, not towards reserve but towards abandon. This would explain, to a certain extent, why his so-called dramas are in reality dramatic poems, and his plot a string of incidents or pictures without any real unity. Bhavabhūti cannot write in the lighter vein, but takes his subject too seriously; he has little humour, but enough of dramatic irony; he can hardly attain perfect artistic aloofness, but too often merges himself in his subject; he has more feeling than real poetry.

This characteristic will be better understood if we consider for a moment his treatment of pathos which has been contrasted with that of Kālidāsa. R. G. Bhandarkar has remarked with insight that while Kālidāsa *suggests* Bhavabhūti *expresses*, and that "the characters of the latter, overcome by force of passion, often weep bitterly, while those of the former simply shed a few tears, if they do so at all." This is nowhere more clear than in the picture of Rāma's suffering on the eve of Sītā's exile, drawn respectively by the two poets. Bhavabhūti's tendency is to elaborate pathetic scenes in the theatrical sense of the word. Rāma's lamentations, tears and faintings are pathetic enough, but they are also overdone and show an undignified lack of self-control not only on the part of the hero but also of the author. It is probable that popular taste did not disapprove of such naked wallowing in the pathetic, and very few Sanskrit poets would have resisted the opportunity of indulging in an outpouring of sentimental prose and verse. For, both theory and practice laid down that the drama was a subdivision of the Kāvya, and that the main interest of the drama was not (as it is in Western plays) so much in the action or characterisation as in the delineation of sentiment (*rasa*). Thus, the drama came to have an atmosphere of sentiment and poetry, which in the end overshadowed all that was dramatic in it. But even here theory was emphatic that the sentiment should be suggested rather than expressed and never lent its authority to the fatal practice of wordy exaggeration or over-emphasis. Bhavabhūti, however, like most Sanskrit poets, is unable to stop even when enough has been said. He prolongs the agony almost to the verge of crudity, omits no circumstance, no object animate or inanimate which he thinks can add to the effectiveness of the scene. But the method of Kālidāsa, like that of Shakespeare, is different. There is no exaggeration, no dwelling upon the subject, no beating out thin. Great sorrow uses few words. Not one of those who gather round the body of Cordelia makes a phrase; the emotion is tense, but there is no declamation to work it up. When Kālidāsa's Rāma hears of the popular rumours about his wife, his heart, tossed in a terrible conflict between love and duty, broke in pieces like the heated iron beaten with a hammer; but he does not declaim nor faint nor shed a flood of tears. He simply calls his brothers together and declares his stern resolve in a brief and dignified speech, bidding the faithful Lakṣmaṇa take Sītā, whom he does not even see, into exile. It is not until Lakṣmaṇa returns and delivers to him the spirited but sad message of his banished wife that we find the king in him breaking down and yielding to the man; but even here only one short verse compresses the whole pity of the situation in just a few words:

> All at once Rāma become misty [in his eyes], like the wintry moon shedding drops of dew. Afraid of calumny he had banished Sītā from his home, but never from his heart (xiv, 84).

When we turn from these two works of Kālidāsa and Bhavabhūti to third great Sanskrit drama, the *Mṛcchakaṭika* or *The Toy Clay Cart* of Śūdraka, we find ourselves descending, as it were, from a refined atmosphere of poetry and sentiment on to the firm rock of grim reality. It is a strange world indeed which is unfolded before us in this drama, a world in which thieves, gamblers, rogues, political schemers, mendicants, police constables, bawds and courtesans jostle each other freely; and the love that it depicts is not the romantic love of Duṣyanta and Śakuntālā chastened by suffering, nor yet the tender and deep conjugal love idealised in the story of Rāma and Sītā, but simply and curiously the love of a man about town for a courtesan, which is nevertheless as pure, strong and tender. The clear, forcible and unaffected diction of the play, adding to its liveliness and dramatic effect, its admirable characterisation and variety of incident, its avoidance of all elaboration (except in the description of Vasantasenā's palace and in one scene where Vasantasenā is presented as a more or less conventional Abhisārikā going out to meet her lover), its quiet humour and deep pathos, its pithy, direct and homely similes and metaphors, its kindliness and humanity,—all contribute to invest the simple love-story with a charm peculiarly its own.

A fitting background is supplied to the strange love that the drama depicts by the strange world in which it moves, and a special interest is attached to the private affairs of the hero and heroine by linking them with the political intrigue which involves the city and the kingdom. The characters, if not always of a pleasant type, are yet living men and women, drawn from all grades of society, from the high-souled Brahmin to the executioner and the thief; and the story includes, in its broad scope, farce and tragedy, satire and pathos, poetry, wisdom and humanity. In the midst of all this stands the noble Cārudatta, a Nāgaraka of breeding and refinement, now reduced to extreme poverty by his princely liberality and deserted by all his associates and hangers-on except his noble wife and his whole-hearted friend Maitreya. To him the cowardly, ignorant and brutal Śakāra, as well as the whole host of the despicable riff-raffs of society, who at any moment are capable of all kinds of acts from stealing a gem-casket to starting a revolution, furnish an excellent foil. Love and pleasure, no doubt, form a large part of his life, as of the life of the typical Nāgaraka, but there is nothing of the gilded dandy and dilettante in his refined character, and his chief interest is not gallantry. When the veiled Vasantasenā frightened by her wicked pursuers takes shelter in his house, he mistakes her for the maid-servant Radanikā, but when he perceives his mistake he exclaims: "Then who is this? I have degraded her by the touch of my garment?" "Degraded" repeats Vasantasenā to herself "No, exalted." He wonders who she may be, looking like the waning moon half-hidden by autumnal clouds, but the next moment he checks himself in his impertinent curiosity: "She must be another man's wife, not meet for me to gaze on her." There is a note of a somewhat austere self-control in most of his acts, and even in love most of the courtship is done by Vasantasenā rather than by himself.

If his change of fortune has made him bitter, it has not made him a cynic nor has it debased his mind; it has only taught him to take things at their right value. He has realised that

> Fate plays with men as buckets at the well, one rises as another falls.

Aware of the vanity of all human things he cannot value life over-highly. But he values his honour more. He is scrupulous in returning Vasantasenā's pledge, in spite of Maitreya's worldly-wise advice. He receives his sentence of death with equanimity, more specially as the loss of Vasantasenā has now made him lose his new interest in life. But he is overwhelmed in so far as his condemnation affects his honour as a man for having brutally murdered a woman—and the irony of it, a woman whom he deeply loved—and that he should leave a heritage of shame to the little son to whom he is greatly devoted. There are fine little touches which bring out also his generosity and magnanimity. When Karpūraka saves the holy man from the attack of the mad elephant, Cārudatta's wonted liberality prompts him to applaud the brave act with a reward; but it is a pathetic touch that in his forgetfulness he touches those places on his body where he used to wear jewellery only to find that he had nothing left except the cloak which he at last throws to the man. His magnanimity in forgiving the grovelling Śakāra at the end of the play may be a little theatrical or conventional for a hero, but it is consistent with his character as revealed in the rest of the drama. He is kindly and considerate to his faithful Maitreya, honours and respects his wife and is deeply fond of his little son Rohasena. The incident of his meeting with Āryaka shews that friendship to him is sacred, and he would guard a friend's interest at the cost of his own.

By these qualities of large-heartedness, nobility and uprightness Cārudatta wins the respect of all Ujjayinī. The reckless Śakāra is naturally afraid of his eminent virtues, while the Viṭa cannot praise him too much :

> He is the tree of plenty to the poor, boughed down by its own abundant fruit, the friend of the good, the mirror of the cultured, the touchstone of character, the ocean of decorum, the doer of good to all and evil to none, a treasure of manly virtues, liberal, courteous and upright. In the plenitude of his merits he may be said to have lived, other men merely breathe.

But at the same time he is not a mere paragon of virtue. He is by no means an austere or self-denying man, but a perfect man of the world, who does not disdain gambling and loves literature, music and art. He does not share his friend Maitreya's bias against the hetaera, nor does he take upon himself a self-righteous attitude. His great virtues are softened by the milk of human kindness. In spite of his slender means his love of music makes him go to a concert, and his fine appreciation of Rebhila's singing indicates his genuine culture and refinement. He is not also insensible to love. When mistaking Vasantasenā for his maid-servant he gives her his cloak to cover up little Rohasena, lest the child be chilled by evening dews, Vasantasenā finds the garment scented with jasmine-flowers and says to herself: "His youth does not exhibit indifference."

Indeed the most outstanding feature of his character in this drama is his love for Vasantasenā. At first he takes her for a mere courtesan about whose wealth he has heard so much, and sighs over his declining fortune for his inability of showing his innate gallantry to her. "Let my desire sink suppressed in silence" he says to himself "like the wrath of a coward which he dares not utter." But he soon realises her nobility of character, her generosity and the depth and truth of her love, and comes to love her in return with an affection free from mere passion. Even Maitreya, with his doglike faithfulness, is uneasy and suspicious, and takes his friend's love for a degrading infatuation, from which he tries unsuccessfully to dissuade Cārudatta. The judges take the same view of the case, although they are reluctant to believe that stain of any kind can attach to Cārudatta's reputation. When questioned in open court as to his relation to Vasantasenā, his natural reserve and delicacy as well as regard for social convention make Cārudatta hesitate, and he tries to evade the question for a moment; but being rallied by the Śakāra he replies: "Am I to say that she is a friend of mine? What if it were so, let youth be accused and not character." The wrong of this unconventional love disappears in the ideal beauty which gathers round it, and its purity, strength and truth make it escape degradation.

The grace, dignity and beauty of the unfortunate Vasantasenā's character are presented with equal skill and charm. The hetaera is recognised as a heroine in the drama, and from the *Kāma-sūtra* we learn that she was not without accomplishments. As in the Athens of Perikles, so in ancient India, she possessed wealth, beauty and power, as well as literary and artistic taste, and occupied an important position in society. Who does not know Vasantasenā of Ujjayinī and who, except a wretch like the Śakāra, does not honour her? Strange as it may seem, it was possible in this society to be a courtesan and yet retain self-respect. The hetaera already figures as a character in the fragment of an early drama discovered in Central Asia and also later, in a somewhat degraded form, in Sanskrit Tales and Fables. There is nothing strange, therefore, that Śūdraka should take a hetaera as the heroine of his drama. The peculiar condition of social development in ancient India had in general denied to the Sanskrit dramatist the opportunity of depicting romantic love (except through a legendary medium) between persons free, independent and masters of their own destinies. The opportunity offered, therefore, by the presence of the hetaera would be readily utilised as a partial solution of this difficulty. But at the same time it must be admitted that Śūdraka's conception of Vasantasenā, if not in any way original or unusual, is certainly a bold one, inasmuch as the hero here is a high-souled person who is not an ordinary rake or a sordid amourist, nor is the heroine carried away by the grossness of of mere sensual passion.

Vasantasenā has neither the girlish charm of Śakuntalā nor the mature womanly dignity of Sītā. Witty and wise, disillusioned and sophisticated, she has yet a heart of romance, and her love is true and deep even in a social position which makes such a feeling difficult. Much wealth and position she has achieved by an obligatory and hereditary calling, but her heart was against it, and it brought her no happiness. Her maid Madanikā, brought up in the usual tradition, disapproves of her falling in love with a poor man :

> *Madanikā* : But, lady, it is said that Cārudatta is very poor.
>
> *Vasantasenā* : Hence do I love him more. A courtesan whose heart is fixed on a poor man is hardly to be censured by the world.
>
> *Madanikā* : Yet, lady, do the bees, greedy for honey, swarm in the mango-tree after it had shed its blossoms?
>
> *Vasantasenā* : Therefore are they called greedy wantons.

When Vasantasenā repulses the brutal Śakāra, the Viṭa exclaims:

> But why, Vasantasenā, do you act quite out of character ? A courtesan is like a creeper that grows by the roadside; her person is an article for sale, her love is a thing that money will buy, and her welcome is equally bestowed on the amiable and the disgusting. The sage and the idiot, the Brahman and the outcast, all bathe in the same stream; and the crow and the peacock perch on the branches of the same tree.

If this is the true character of the hetaera, it is strange that Vasantasenā had never be wholly mercenery, for she replies with spirit :

> Believe me, merit alone, and not brutal violence, inspires love.

But her profligate pursuers unintentionally befriend her and bring her for refuge to the door of Cārudatta of whom she had heard so much. She eludes them under the cover of falling darkness of the evening and slips in ; and Cārudatta, mistaking her for his maid Radanikā, bids her enter the inner apartments. But she sighs to herself : "Alas, my misfortune gives me no admission to the inside of your house." It is a case of love at first sight, and for the first time she is really in love. Very sadly she realises : "The woman who admits the love of many men is false to them all." The breath of this new emotion quickens rapidly into a pervading flame and burns to ashes her baser self. Her ransom of a former servant of Cārudatta's from gambling debts and her generosity in liberating her slave-girl Madanikā are as much results of this new experience of love as of her innate nobility of character.

It is all so strange even to herself. She can yet hardly believe that she, an outcast of society, has been able to win the love of the great Cārudatta, the ornament of Ujjayinī, and asks half-incredulously of the maid, the morning after her first union with her beloved, if all that was true :

> *Vasantasenā* : What, did I find my way into his inner apartments ?
> *Maid* : Not only that, but into every one's heart
> *Vasantasenā* : I fear his household is vexed.
> *Maid* : They will be vexed only when—
> *Vasantasenā* : When ?
> *Maid* : When you depart.

There is a pathetic touch in her attempt to win the friendship of Cārudatta's wife by sending her a necklace as a token of her esteem. She takes the latter's snubbing quietly when the dignified wife returns the necklace with the message : "It is not proper for me to take the necklace with which my husband has favoured thee in his affection. Know that the ornament I value is my husband." But it is also clear that even if the judges and other people believe her to be carried away by mere passion, both Cārudatta and his wife, as well as his whole household inclusive of the suspicious Maitreya, have now recognised the truth and pity of her great love and realised how much it would mean to her if her love were legalised. She is fascinated by the lovely face of Cārudatta's little son and stretches out her arms in that great hunger for motherhood which has been denied to her :

> *Vasantasenā* : Come, my little son, embrace me.
>
> *The Child* : Who is this ?
>
> *Vasantasenā* : A handmaid purchased by thy father's merits.
>
> *Radanikā* : This lady is your mother, child.
>
> *The Child* : You tell me untruth, Radanikā. How can this be my mother when she wears such fine things ?
>
> *Vasantasenā* : How harsh a speech from so soft a mouth ! (*Takes off her ornaments, in tears*). Now I become your mother. Here take these trinkets and go, get a gold cart to play with.
>
> *The Child* : Away, I will not take it, you cry at parting with it.
>
> *Vasantasenā* : (*Wiping her eyes*) I weep no more ; go, darling, and play. (*Fills his toy clay cart with jewels*).

Her love now makes her realise the emptiness of riches and the fulness of a pure and tender affection. Even the Viṭa, a rake as he was, cannot help saying with admiration : "Though a courtesan, her love is very unlike that of a courtesan." When the Śakāra threatens to kill her and taunts her as an "inamorata of a beggarly Brahmin" she is not ashamed but replies: "Delightful words ! Pray, proceed, for you speak my praise". Growing furious the brutal Śakāra takes her by the throat ; she would not cry out for succour, for it would be a shame that Vasantasenā's cry were heard loudly outside, but she would remember her beloved Cārudatta and bless his name. "What, still dost thou repeat that name" spits out the Śakāra blinded by anger, as he throttles her ; but on the verge of imminent death the name of Cārudatta is still on her lips, and she murmurs in a struggling tone :

> *ṇamo cāludattassa*, my homage be to Cārudatta !

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ANCIENT INDIAN EROTICS

ANCIENT INDIAN EROTICS

(*Kāma-śāstra*)

If one looks cursorily at the predominating bulk of the religious, ritualistic and speculative literature of the Veda, which has been preserved, one is likely to form an impression of the ancient Indian as a person entirely absorbed in reflection and religious practice without much regard to practical life. Nothing, of course, is farther from the truth. The simultaneous existence of a non-religious literature, which is now lost, can indeed be presumed, not only from the secular hymns of the *Ṛg-veda*, but also from the general content of the *Atharva-veda* and the scattered legends of a popular character in the *Brāhmaṇas*. Even pious adoration of high gods is not unmindful of material benefits to be derived in return; and the Vedic people are as anxious as any other people to secure from the benign deities the favour of worldly prosperity and pleasure, including long life, freedom from disease, plenty of food and drink, domestic happiness, conquest of enemies and warlike glory. Robust and optimistic, they could heartily enjoy the good things of this life and heartily believe that the enjoyment would be gloriously extended in the next. There was as much spirituality as practical sense; and an age, which did not disdain dice, drink and dalliance, was not exactly an age of holy recluses, nor of unpractical dreamers, poets and philosophers.

As the practical side of life is never rigidly excluded in the glory of spiritual exaltation, there is an early and frank recognition of the sex-impulse as one of the most powerful impulses of the human mind. In one of the famous speculative hymns of the *Ṛg-veda* (x. 129. 4-5), Kāma, who is conspicuous in later literature as the god of love, appears for the first time as a tenuous abstract personification indeed, meaning Desire generally, but the description is specifically connected with sex-symbolism. The Vedic seer, speculating on the origin of the universe, imagines that in the beginning Kāma or Desire came upon the one primordial Being as the "first seed of the mind", as the first impulse for creation; but since the cosmogonic principles are further spoken of as both male and female, as impregnators and receptive powers, as "energy below and impulse above", there is little doubt that the symbolism of the act of human procreation is applied to the act of cosmic creation. The Kāma or Desire, therefore, cannot be the "Will" of Schopenhaur, as Deussen and others assume; it is a primary creative activity, akin to Eros, the god of love, who is connected by Greek theogonists with the creation of the universe. It is not necessary to exaggerate the point; but in this cosmic conception of Kāma it is likely that we have the earliest acknowledgment in world-literature of sex-desire in an idealised form as the primal source of all existence.

In the *Atharva-veda,* the Kāma or Desire, not of sex-enjoyment but of general good, reappears as a great cosmic force superior to all the gods and sometimes identified with Agni or Fire; but in the same Vedic text we have other hymns in which the idea of Kāma as the personified god of love is more clearly foreshadowed. One of the Atharvanic spells (iii. 25), for instance, mentions the arrows with which the great Disquieter pierces human hearts—arrows which are winged with pain, barbed with longing and shafted with desire. He is obviously the forerunner of the flower-arrowed god of love, whose appearance, names and personality are found fully established in the Epic and completely familiar in classical literature, not only as an inspiring theme for poetry and art, but also as the central figure of an actual cult with its attendant ritual and festival. We have, however, no evidence in the entire bulk of Vedic literature of the worship of erotic forces, much less of love as the adored deity of an erotic cult. Even if local phallus-cult may be presumed from the Mahenjodaro relics, in the two passages of the *Ṛg-veda* (vii. 21. 5; x. 99. 4) in which phallus-worshippers (*śiśna-devāḥ*) appear to be mentioned, they are mentioned with disapproval. While the ritual use of phallus alleged in two other hymns (ix. 112; x. 101) can by no means be reasonably inferred, the deity Śiva round whom the phallus-cult gathered in later times is not yet a full-fledged god in Vedic literature. It cannot indeed be denied that eroticism plays an unmistakable part in some of the fertility rites described in the *Brāhmanas*, and even sexual act is enjoined in the Horse-sacrifice and the Mahāvrata ceremony. Erotic imagery is freely used not only in the Vedic texts, but also in the *Brāhmaṇas* and *Upaniṣads*. The act of consummation is openly, but legitimately, described in the Wedding Hymn (*Ṛg-veda*, x. 85. 37); but it is also a commonplace in the *Brāhmaṇas* to liken the fire-altar to the Yoni and the production of fire to the act of generation; while the *Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa* (i. 2. 5. 15-16) enjoins that the fire-altar, who is a woman (*yoṣā*), the fire being her man (*vṛṣan*), should be constructed in shapely elegance, broad about the sides, narrow between the shoulders and contracted in the middle. All this is admitted; but it should not be forgotten that eroticism here is subservient to religious theory and practice and never comes into prominence.

But, of course, the power of the sex to enthrall and disturb is fully recognised in the Vedic literature, even if it is much more blatant in the Epic.[1] The Vedic gods are, as a rule, sexually moral, and scarcely any erotic word or act is ascribed to them; but distinctly erotic expressions are employed in describing the lovely goddess of dawn Uṣas who, in one passage (*Ṛg-veda*, i. 124. 7), is said to display her form, smilingly as a loving and well-dressed woman to her lover, and in another (i. 92. 4), as a dancing girl who clothes herself in her best raiments but keeps her bosom bare to attract the eyes of all. In the two famous dialogue-hymns of the *Ṛg-veda*, which are concerned with amour of mythical beings, we have for the first time in Indian literature (and in world-literature) a passionate expression of the emotion of love. The first hymn (x. 95) describes the alliance of the moral Purūravas and the nymph Urvaśī; while the second (x. 10) refers to the primitive incest, glossed over as it is in the Vedic text, of Yama the first mortal with his sister Yamī for the birth of the human race. In the first dialogue the lovers, now separated.

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[1] In the *Mahābhārata* we have perhaps the earliest recorded reference to Liṅga-worship, in which Śiva as the centre of the Pāśupata cult is conceived and extolled as a phallic deity. See Droṇa-parvan, Crit. Ed. vii. 172. 86-90, 173. 83-85, 92, 94; Anuśāsana, Bom. Ed. xiii. 14. 27-38, clxi. 16. On this question may be consulted S. K. De in *Our Heritage* (Bulletin of the Postgraduate Research Dept., Sanskrit College, Calcutta) vol. i. pp. 7-11.

recall in lusty language their former delights of dalliance; while in the second, which undoubtedly presupposes the ancient myth of the descent of the human race from primeval twins or from a primodial bi-sexual being, Yamī endeavours in words glowing with desire to persuade her brother Yama to accept and make fruitful her proffered love. That the seers were not at all fastidious about employing erotic language and imagery is also seen in some passages, the relevancy of which is obscure, of the interesting Male-Monkey hymn (*Ṛg-veda,* x. 86); in the one verse (viii. 1. 34) ascribed to Śāśvatī, who is called Nārī or woman *par excellence,* welcoming with evident zest in a phallic verse the recovery of her husband's lost virility; or in the alleged words of Romaśā (i. 126. 7), who challenges her scoffing husband to feel how she is 'covered with down like an ewe of the Gandhārīs' and be convinced that she is no longer immature.

Apart from myths and legends, there is plenty of evidence that love was one of the powerful forces moulding the ordinary man's life. Although polygamy was freely allowed, the marriage-tie was not lightly regarded, and the position of the wife in the household was one of honour and dignity; but the vehemence with which curses and spells were hurled for the destruction of the rival wife perhaps indicates that domestic happiness was not always unclouded. The existence of free love and secret lover is also shown by the curious ritual of the Varuṇapraghāsa, in which the wife of the sacrificer was questioned as to her possible lovers. In the well known hymn, known as the Gambler's Lament (*Ṛg-veda,* x. 34. 4), a reference is made to the gambler's wife being the object of other men's embrace; and the simile of a woman resorting to her rendezvous is found in the same and other hymns (x. 40. 6), the words *jāra* (i. 66. 4; 69. 1; 134. 3; vi. 55. 4-5; vii. 10. 1; ix. 38. 4; 96. 23; 101. 4; x. 3. 3; 162. 5 etc.) and *jāriṇī* occurring in this connexion in the sense of paramours. The word *puṁścalū* or *puṁścalī* 'running after men', as well as *kumārī-putra* 'son of a maiden', is already associated with erotic desire (*kāma* or *pramada*) in the *White Yajur-veda* (xxx. 5-6, 22). References to the hetaera are seen in some passages even in the *Ṛg-veda*; while the word *sādhāraṇī* 'common to men' (i. 167. 4) is used not so much for the *uxor communis* as for the public woman. Levirate marriage, in which is to be found the germ of the later practice of Niyoga, appears to have been allowed; but the imagery used in this connexion (*Ṛg-veda* x. 40. 2) suggests that it was more often a form of love-union rather than the fulfilment of a social practice.

But there is no indication that sexology had yet become the subject of special study. It is not until we come to the *Bṛhad-āraṇyaka-upaniṣad* that we find for the first time that sex-problems, in the interest chiefly of genetics, begin to occupy the attention of the sages, even though little of their wisdom has been preserved for us. This Upaniṣad, no doubt loftily declares (iv. 4. 22) the sex-desire stands on the same level as any other desire, but later on (vi. 2. 12; 4. 2. f) it gives a brief exposition of the mystery of sex-relationship by Pravāhaṇa Jaibali of the Pañcāla country, who is sought for instruction by Uddālaka Āruṇi at the instance of his inquisitive son Śvetaketu. Characteristically enough, this discourse represents the sexual act, for which woman is said to have been created by Prajāpati, symbolically as a sacrificial ritual,—the woman being the fire in which the seed is offered and out of the offering man being born. Rules are also given for approaching a woman, for dealing with the lover of one's own wife and for obtaining desirable progeny. It is interesting to note that the passage (vi. 4. 4) distinctly refers to Uddālaka Āruṇi as one of the former teachers (*tad-vidvān*) of the esoteric art, and that its knowledge is associated with the Pañcāla country, to which both Pravāhaṇa Jaibali and Uddālaka Āruṇi belonged. Many centuries later, the first systematic work on Indian Erotics that we possess, written by Vātsyāyana, confirms the tradition by naming Auddālaki Śvetaketu as the first human founder of the study, and indicating the Pañcāla country as its original venue by connecting therewith Bābhravya, one other of its original teachers. It is probable that Auddālaki Śvetaketu further developed the rudiments of knowledge which he had received from his father Uddālaka Āruṇi on the basis of Pravāhaṇa Jaibalis's teaching and made the Pancāla country a centre of its specialised instruction.

It is not unlikely, therefore, that the Erotic Śāstra, like every other Śāstra, arose in very close connexion with religion or religious practice. We may conjecture that the elements of most of the technical arts and sciences were at first shaped and preserved within individual Vedic schools as specialised forms of sacred knowledge necessary for the Vedic ritual; but they gradually extended their scope and, as issues and topics multiplied, they cut across the schools and became, in course of time, separate and secular studies by themselces. Thus began and developed, as we know, Grammar, Etymology, Phonetics and Prosody from the need of a distinctive study of speech for the correct enunciation of ritualistic utterance; Astronomy from the necessity of correct observation of auspicious time; Geometry and Algebra for the purpose of correct construction of sacrificial altars; and Medicine from magic practices of a benevolent character implied in Vedic spells and incantations. The Dharma-śāstra, in the same way, grew within the Vedic schools and concerned itself with religious, moral and social usage, which was akin to ritual etiquette; and in course of time it developed a separation which, however, was never complete, between religious and secular law. The origin of the more realistic Artha-śāstra is difficult to trace, for it deals with politics and civic life, not from the standpoint of hieratic regulation, but from that of practical common sense as engendered by actual contact with larger administration; but the old Dharma-śāstra interpreted Dharma in a wider sense and actually included parts of the subject, such as royal duties of protection and justice, within the scope. The knowledge of the mysteries of love may be deemed excluded by the austerity of religious practice; but there was a possible connexion, partly through the eroticism involved in certain Vedic rites, and partly through consideration of questions relating to conception and procreation in certain ceremonies; the esoteric knowledge of which is foreshadowed in the *Bṛhad-āraṇyaka* and more clearly referred to as *upaniṣad* or exclusive doctrine in the *Āśvalāyana-Gṛhyasūtra* (i. 13. 1). Whatever might have been the cause, the subject was never tabooed, and we actually find a glimpse of the dim beginnings of the Kāma-śāstra within the Vedic schools, the holy Śvetaketu becoming in course of time a recognised authority. But we do not know how it developed and separated as a secular discipline.

The Śāstras of Artha and Kāma, wealth and love, more than that of Dharma or duty, would naturally spread beyond the narrow group of ritualistic thinkers and become more thoroughly secularised and specialised with a greater appreciation of the realities of life. It is possible to assume that there must have been a time when the primitive Kāma-śāstra was studied and taught quite as seriously, in the same schools, as the other two allied Śāstras in their primitive forms. Such instruction need not mean a decline of Dharma or austerity, but it is an upholding of the economic and erotic activity, Artha and Kāma, as important factors of human nature. The schematic enunciation of the Tri-varga or three objects of human existence, namely, Dharma, Artha, and Kāma (virtue, profit and pleasure), is indeed not found in the early Vedic texts; but the *Hiraṇyakeśī-Gṛhyasūtra* (ii. 19. 6) recognises the set. It is not yet established in the Epics,[1] but it is accepted in the Purāṇas and the Smṛtis of Viṣṇu and Manu, and is axiomatic in classical Sanskrit literature. Coming to the *Kāma-sūtra* of Mallanāga Vātsyāyana (*circa* 3rd century A.D.), the first great work on Erotics which has come down to us, we find, therefore, a collective obeisance to Dharma, Artha and Kāma at the very outset, and an anxiety (i. 2) to reconcile the three recognised ends of life by emphasising their equal importance and harmonious blending. This authority solemnly enjoins due moderation to those whom his Śāstra might induce to practise Kāma, for they must not forget or overstep the claims of the other of two motives of human activity, namely, Dharma and Artha. Justifying his own frank treatment of questionable topics, he declares (ii. 9. 37-38), in the true scientific spirit, that a Śāstra, dealing with a subject as a whole, cannot omit anything, but that is no reason why a particular practice described in it should be carried into effect; if medical works describe some qualities of dog's flesh, no sober man would adopt it as an article of diet. He claims that he has not magnified Kāma under the cover of Dharma, and assures us (vii. 2. 54) that if he has spoken attractively of things which inflame desire because his subject demands it, he has taken care immediately to censure and prohibit them. He concludes his works by adding that he has composed it with the deepest thought (Samādhi) and utmost purity of life (Brahma-carya), for the good of the world and not for libidinous purpose. If in these words he echoes unconsciously Martial's apology : *Lasciva est nobis pagina, vita proba est* ('my pages are full of licence, but my life is right'), it must be said in Vātsyāyana's favour that he has none of the frank delight of Martial and Petronius in their descriptions of carnal scenes or love of obscene expressions. Nor has his work the sensuous levity of Ovid's *Ars Amatoria*, than which it is undoubtedly much fuller in content, more earnest in spirit, more precise and systematic in form and execution.

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[1] The Triad is seldom spoken together in the Mahābhārata. The Vulgate text i. 2. 383, in which Kāma-śāstra, along with Dharma- and Artha-śāstra, is mentioned and identified with the Epic, is an interpolation (Crit. Ed. i. 186*). In xii. 161. 33 Kāma is said to be the essence, in which Dharma and Artha are included.

The attitude and mode of approach will make it clear that the subject of Kāma was taken up precisely with the same care, seriousness and objectivity as that of Dharma and Artha. or as any other technical topic. Vātsyāyana's work itself, which does not claim to be the first written, shows every sign of a long prior development of the subject, and its masterly completeness must have deprived earlier treatises of the possibility of survival. By ascribing the first formulation of the discipline to Prajāpati or Creator himself divine provenance is indeed claimed, but this is only to bring the Śāstra on a level of equal authoritativeness with other Śāstras which make a similar claim ; the work does not invoke holy and hoary mythical sages, as the Dharma-śāstra often does. We are told that Auddālaki Śvetaketu, apparently the Vedic sage, first gave an exposition in five hundred chapters, which Pāñcāla Bābhravya condensed in a hundred and fifty chapters under seven definite sections (Adhikaraṇas), namely, General Principles (Sādhārana), Sexual Union (Sāṁprayogika), Courtship and Marriage (Kanyā-saṁprayuktaka), the Wife (Bhāryādhikārika). Wives of Other People (Pāradārika), the Prostitute (Vaiśika), and Secret Lore of Extraneous Stimulation (Aupaniṣadika). Of these topics, Dattaka, at the request of the courtesans of Pāṭaliputra, chose the sixth (Vaiśika) as his special subject ; and his example was followed by Cārāyaṇa, Suvarṇanābha, Ghoṭakamukha, Gonardīya, Goṇikāputra and Kucumāra, each of whom wrote a monograph on one of the remaining subjects in the order given above. In view of the fractional and specialised nature of separate treatises and the difficulty of mastering Bābhravya's extensive work as a whole, the Śāstra was getting lost ; and

Vātsyāyana's professed object was the writing of a comprehensive compendium within a reasonable dimension. That the names are not mythical but those of learned and respectable persons is known from other independent sources; and since both Vātsyāyana and his commentator Yaśodhara (13th century) cite and amply quote from these worthies, we should believe that the works under their names, though lost now, were at one time actually current. Auddālaki's opinions are cited thrice in different sections by Vātsyāyana (ii. 1. 25; v. 4. 31; vi. 6. 36) but it is not clear whether he had direct access to the vast work of his far-off predecessor. The frequent citation of the views, not only of Bābhravya, but also of Bābharavīyas, however, makes it reasonably certain that Bābhravya the Pāñcāla was the principal authority and that he left a school; and we are specifically informed that the Pāñcālas were proficient[1] in the sixty-four arts (i. 3. 17) and sixty-four kinds of artful coitus (ii. 2. 4-5; also ii. 6. 21). From his concluding remarks (vii. 2. 56) it also appears that Vātsyāyana based his own work chiefly on that of Bābhravya, from whom he especially derives, on his own admission (ii. 10. 49), his extensive section on sexual union, covering about a fourth of his whole work. He also informs us (vi. 2. 55) that Dattaka supplied the basis of his own treatment of the prostitute. While the commentator directly quotes a Sūtra from Dattaka where Vātsyāyana merely gives the drift (vi. 3. 20), two Sūtras from Dattaka are actually given respectively in two early erotic Bhāṇas, the *Dhūrta-viṭa-saṁvāda* of Īśvaradatta (p. 24) and the *Pāda-tāḍitaka* of Śyāmilaka (p. 28); and Dattaka is certainly known to Dāmodara-gupta (9th century), who refers to this authority in his *Kuṭṭanī-mata* (st. 77, 122).

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[1] We have an interesting statement (i. 5. 33) that according to the Pāñcāla School of Bābhravya, a woman's chastity need not be respected if, in addition to her husband, she is found to have intimacy with five lovers, showing that five was considered to be the limit beyond which, after the classic example of Draupadī the Pāñcālī, it was not proper for a woman to go! Weber (*History of Indian Lit.*, Eng. Trs. J. Mann and Th. Zachariae, 4th ed. 1904, pp. 114-15) thinks that some of the revolting rites in the Horse-sacrifice originated in the Pāñcāla country.—We know nothing of the work on Kāma-śāstra, alleged by Jaina tradition to have been written by Mūladeva, the legendary author of a lost treatise on the art of thieving. The only Kāma-śāstra work which refers to him as an authority on Erotics is the *Pañca-sāyaka.*

There can be no doubt, therefore, that Vātsyāyana's work draws upon and fixes a floating mass of traditional material; and what is more significant is that it is planned methodically in seven sections (Adhikaraṇa) and sixty-four topics (Prakaraṇa) on the accepted model of Bābhravya's original treatise. But it is not, for that reason, a mere working up of old views, nor is it a product of a wider nameless group, as some of Dharma-sūtras appear to be. It is a distinctly individual production,[1] not of a mere theorist or traditionist, but of a shrewd observer and perfect man of the world. No doubt, Vātsyāyana, like most Sanskrit writers, follows the time-honoured practice of accepting what is handed down, but he does not exalt authority at the expense of originality. He shows great respect and minute study of his predecessors, whom he frequently quotes and silently appropriates, but he criticises them more often than he blindly accepts. He does not pretend, as most writers do, that he is not departing, and therefore avoids useless waste of energy in subtle arguments to justify his affected conformity; on the contrary, he freely abandons older views where he chooses, with a pointed statement of his own opinion. As the work is composed in the sūtra-style, inherited from Vedic tradition, the brevity imposed thereby leaves no room for scholastic and dialectic pedantry, its love of ingenious distinctions and classifications, its tendency of losing sight of broad and essential facts in a maze of useless details. There is no such zest for theoretical schematisation as we find in the *Artha-śāstra*, for instance, in its elaboration of inter-state relations, which may be ideally or analytically perfect but which is not based on a concrete investigation of actual relations between historical states. Vātsyāyana is practical and precise; he never looses his grip on reality to subside into mere theorising. No doubt, he worked under those peculiar disadvantages which seriously hampered all experimental science in ancient India; but in the particular sphere of human action and human emotion he had perhaps an advantage in the fact that there was no prudish prohibition against sense-enjoyment or sex-knowledge. He does not, therefore, give us vague generalities irrespective of observation. Nor is his vision obscured by mere moralistic considerations. Of course, his attitude, as he says, is not immoral, but the morality of the *Kāma-sūtra* is not unlike that of the *Artha-śāstra ;* in both cases, hard and shrewd common sense proceeds on the assumption that everything is fair in love and war. The indifference to uprightness and insistence on distrust, as we see, for instance, in his complacent instruction regarding the ways of deceiving maidens, of making shameless use of other peoples' wives for profit as well as for pleasure, or in his teaching of calculated and sordid tricks to the harlot for winning love and lucre, are comparable to the facile attitude of Kauṭilya in his inculcating the benefits of defeating an opponent by guile, in his recommending unscrupulous methods for getting rid of inconvenient ministers, or in his formulating ingenious means of extorting taxes to fill the treasury. Partly because of the wider interest of the theme itself, the exposition is seldom dry, but there is no tendency to vulgarise or romanticise. Vātsyāyana can write with as much reticence as with frankness ; he never glosses over delicate details nor gloats over them.

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[1] This is extremely probable in spite of the fact that opinions are set forth in the work itself with the phrase *iti vātsyāyanaḥ*, just as we have *iti kauṭilyaḥ* in the *Artha-śāstra*. Vātsyāyana is cited not as an authority, but as the author; the phrase is used normally to express a deciding opinion where there is a conflict in the opinions of the authorities cited.

It is not possible to give, within our limited scope, even a cursory account of the thirty-six chapters of the *Kāma-sūtra*[1] but we shall just indicate the general trend of its diversified content and note some features of interest. Fortunately, the tampering hand of successive redactors does not appear to have seriously spoiled the integrity of the text, even though there is reason to believe that the book was in wide and current use and never actually shelved. In first general section (Sādhāraṇa). we have an introductory discussion of the imperativeness of accepting the Tri-varga (to which Vātsyāyana adds the fourth, Mokṣa or salvation in 1. 2. 4), and a declaration of the purpose of the book and its necessity. In answering objections to Kāma, one of which is furnished by the legendary and historic examples of men who have met with disaster in their pursuit of love, Vātsyāyana is outspoken enough to say, among other things, that erotic satisfaction is as necessary for the existence and well-being of the body as food (i. 2. 46); to which statement the commentator sagely adds that mental health also requires it inasmuch as repression might lead to mental derangement. To the question that, while knowledge of Dharma and Artha should be acquired from books, why one should learn Kāma, which is instinctive even with animals, in that way, Vātsyāyana replies that what is true of the thoughtless brute creation is not true of rational human beings, for whom love should not only be an impulse but also an art. The practice of a science may be known to all, but a knowledge of the ways and means is necessary for its better understanding.

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[1] Ed. with the Jayamaṅgalā commentary of Yaśodhara, by Durgaprasad, Nirnay Sagar Press, Bombay 1891 ; also ed. by Damodar Lal Goswami, Chowkhamba Skt. Series, Benares 1912 (our references are to this edition). The earliest English trs. (anonymous) was for the Kāma-śāstra Society, Benares 1883 ; but more available is that by K. Rangaswami Iyengar, Punjab Skt. Book Depot, Lahore 1921. German trs. by Richard Schmidt, Wilhelm Friedrich : Leipzig 1897 ; 2nd ed. Lotus Verlag : Berlin 1900 etc. ; French trs. by F. Lemairesse, Georges Carré : Paris 1891.

After this preliminary exposition, we have an enumeration of the sixty-four arts and accomplishments, subsidiary to Kāma-śāstra and to be acquired especially by women. These include music, dancing, painting, literary diversion, acting, feats of magic; playing with dice and skill in youthful sports; knowledge of perfumes, flowers and jewels; sewing, gardening, trimming, decorating; making of beds and spreading of carpets and cushions; stringing of garlands, rosaries and necklaces; colouring or dyeing of teeth, nails, hair and garments; preparing nice drinks; and even manual skill in carpentry, art of building, basket-making, gymnastics, modelling in clay, and knowledge of chemistry and mineralogy! To such sixty-four Śilpa-kalās are added sixty-four Kāma-kalās. This is followed by a highly interesting account of the Nāgaraka, the cultured man about town, who is known already to Pāṇini, and whose taste and inclination are reflected in Sanskrit poetry and drama. There is a graphic description of his gilded life, his house luxuriously furnished, his friends and assistants in *affaire d'amour*, his taste and accomplishment in poetry, music and various arts, his elaborate toilet and personal adornment, his round of pleasures and duties, his interest in various sports and amusements; as for instance, in wrestling, cock-fights and ram-fights; in moonlight picnics, water-sports and spring-festivals; in musical soirée, literary assembly and dramatic entertainment; in social gatherings, drinking bouts[1] and garden parties. In all these diversions and engagements, not so much his wife as his frivolous lady-friends take a prominent part. Strange as it may seem, it was possible in this society to be a courtesan and yet retain self-respect and respect of others. Judging from what Vātsyāyana says (i. 3. 20-21), as well as from the historical example of Ambapālikā of the Vaiśālī Licchivis and Vasantasenā of Śūdraka's drama, one should think that the accomplished courtesan, comparable to the Greek hataera, occupied an important position in the social life of the period. In the classification of the demi-monde which Vātsyāyana gives in another context (vi. 6. 54). he calls such a public woman Gaṇikā *par excellence* (the name probably implying a Gaṇa or guild of such women) and distinguishes her from the common harlot (Rūpājīvā). As in the Athens of Perikles, so in ancient India, she possessed wealth, beauty and power, as well as literary and artistic taste; and in her house men of wit and talent did not hesitate to assemble in pursuit of pleasure, poetry, art and music. Vātsyāyana's picture of the wealthy Nāgaraka and his companions is perhaps a little too glamorous, and there may be something of the dandy and the dilettante in them; but much of the description must be true. and we need not doubt from what we see of his reflection in Sanskrit poetry and drama that he was a man of much genuine culture, character and refinement, and not a mere professional amourist.

From this charming picture of love and luxury, however, one should not run away with the idea that this was the entire world of Vātsyāyana; for he speaks here only of a particular class, to be met with in all ages and all countries. The life of the ordinary man was just as little a prolonged debauch as a prolonged idyll; and, as a matter of fact, the impression that is given by Vātsyāyana's work as a whole is that social life, if it gained in material prosperity and aesthetic culture, was still controlled in the main by the ideals of the Dharma-codes. In the next chapter, therefore, which discusses the question of desirable and undesirable women, it is laid down virtuously (i. 5. 1-3) that the best kind of union is that in lawful wedlock, and intrigue with women of higher caste or with married women is categorically forbidden. No doubt, restrictions placed on the physical gratification of love, except in marriage, are due to moral and social necessity, but they also indicate a tendency which harmonises with the biological law that mating is the final cause of love. But in a society where mating was considered chiefly as a religious duty, and where conjugal relation was moulded by a peculiar social evolution, the errant tendency was inevitable. Love, therefore, and not marriage, may be offered, according to Vātsyāyana, to a woman even of a higher caste, if she is of questionable character, or to a married woman from certain motives of gain and self-interest. But Vātsyāyana adds that love is neither approved nor prohibited with women of lower caste, women not excommunicated from caste, public women, as well as the widow (Punarbhū) for whom there is no regular marriage but who might seek a lover; for he thinks that the object of such union is pleasure only, and not the fulfilment of social duty. The maid-servant, female ascetic, dancing girl and female artisan are also not excluded: and the village girl, especially of the working class, is mentioned in another context (v. 5. 5-7), rather contemptuously, as a woman of easy virtue. The position of the Punarbhū, the so-called married widow, who occupies a great deal of Vātsyāyana's attention (i. 5. 7f; iv. 2. 39-59), approaches nearer to that of a mistress than that of the regularly wedded wife; for she enjoyed some peculiar privileges and a degree of freedom unknown to the wife, and could leave her lover and break off the alliance. It seems, therefore, that public opinion in those days allowed the widow to live with the man of her choice as his concubine, just as public opinion was not too nice about making love to courtesans, although in both cases the woman could never receive the same regard, nor acquire the same status, as the legally married wife. It is worth noting that, generally speaking, while the Dharmaśāstra was always anxious to note and reprimand transgression and enjoin Sadācāra as determinant of conduct, the idea of sense-enjoyment and desire for wealth, in accordance with the Śāstras of Artha and Kāma, remained more or less unaffected. In spite of the tightening grip of religious and moral duty and patternisation of society, attempted by the codes of Dharma, there remained considerable freedom of thought and action;

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[1] Although in another context (vi. 1. 2) abstention from drink in mentioned as the proper quality of a lover!

and however rigid social legislation was, it did not altogether stifle social behaviour.

The second (Sāṁprayogika) section is a fairly long one dealing with the art and practice of sexual union, which, though based on the lost work of Pāñcāla Bābhravya, gives a direct and detailed account, in no squeamish language, of the mystery and contrivance of satisfying the physical woman. The subject is treated from the points of view of age, inclination, temperament, duration and force of the act, dimension of the organs, various modes of caress and postures of coitus, with a concluding topic on lover's quarrel. Reference is made to characteristic forms of satisfaction for women of different countries (ii. 5. 20-34), and to certain abnormal (ii. 9) and sadistic (ii. 7. 23 f) practices which, however. are mentioned with distinct disapproval. In this connexion there is a citation of some scandulous historical examples of how by dangerous sexual practices the king of Cola (*v. l.* Pāñcāla) accidentally killed the courtesan Citrasenā (*v. l.* Mādhavasenā), Kuntala Śatakarṇi Sātavahana slew his queen Malayavatī, and Naradeva 'of harsh hands' made a dancing girl blind!

The third section (Kanyā-saṁprayuktaka) is devoted to marriage and courtship, on which topic our author's views appear, on the whole, to be liberal and free. He enumerates classes of girls to be avoided in marriage from physical or other defects, but adds that one's liking is the chief test, and recommends free exercise of choice. Various suggestions are given regarding pre-marriage and post-marriage courtship of girls of both tender and mature years; and the hints imply a state of society in which pre-puberty marriage was by no means universal. Regarding marriageable age, Vātsyāyana prescribes, hardly in conformity with the Smṛtis, that the bride should be younger by 'three years or more'. In courting a girl, he shrewdly advises (iii. 1. 39-44) humouring her, neither directly opposing nor directly submitting to her will. A man should not be too familiar, too submissive, or too reserved. One who neglects a girl thinking that she is too bashful is as unwise as the one who forces and frightens her; the young girl should not be allowed to become uneasy, nervous and dejected, and perhaps altogether turned off the pleasure which she does not enjoy. Of the forms of marriage resulting from courtship or self-choice (as opposed to the four Brāhma, Daiva, Prājāpatya and Ārṣa forms of regular marriage), love-union in the Gāndharva form, though not recommended by the customary Smṛtis, is highly extolled, because it causes less trouble, is easy to perform, and being the result of mutual attraction, brings happiness. Vātsyāyana, however, does not exclude the more violent forms of Paiśāca and Rākṣasa marriage, which involve rape and abduction; but it is striking that he omits and ignores the Āsura form in which the bride is purchased by offer of money.[1] On the whole, it would seem that Vātsyāyana, contrary to accepted ideas but consistently with his knowledge of human nature, was a believer in free love so far as social conditions permitted it.

The fourth section (Bhāryādhikārika) deals with the connected subject of the virtuous wife, especially in relation to her husband and rival wives. She is of the type held up in the Dharma-śāstra; and it is remarkable that while the life of the lordly Nāgaraka is a round of pleasures, that of the Nāgaraka's obedient wife is a round of duties! It should be observed that from remote antiquity Indian opinion never made a confusion between love and marriage; the god of love is conceived as different from the deities who preside over marriage and fertility. There are indeed charming pictures of domestic happiness in Indian literature, and both Kālidāsa and Bhavabhūti idealise it in no uncertain terms; but causes, both social and religious, which lowered women in public estimation from the time of the *Brāhmaṇas* by depriving them of their earlier freedom and dignity, naturally hindered the evolution of a free conjugal relation. It is conceivable that the larger and more heterogenous group comprising the family in ancient India may have hampered its growth; for a girl left her father's home to enter the home, not of her husband, but of her father-in-law, and the husband is often merely one of the factors of the bigger joint-family, of which also Vātsyāyana is cognisant. Wedded life was, of course. highly prized for its comfort and security, but ordinary marriages in the regular form were generally prompted and arranged by motives of convenience, among which must be reckoned the necessity, religious or otherwise, of having a son. If the Kāma-śāstra highly praises self-choice in the Gāndharva form, it is hardly approved by the Dharma-śāstra, and appears to have been confined to the Epics or to the Kṣatriya class. Domestic happiness was still summed up in the loyalty and obedience of a fruitful, patient and thrifty wife, to whom was left the care of home and children; and the obligation of chastity was laid more on her than on her husband. Moreover, the existence of polygamy and concubinage (iii. 4. 55-56) often rendered the position of the wife difficult and sometimes made it less than real. This is seen not only in the pathetic picture of queen Dhāriṇī in the *Mālavikāgnimitra*, who is deserted for younger rivals, and of Cārudatta's wife in the *Mṛcchakaṭika*, who is discreetly kept in the background, but also in what Vātsyāyana says about the neglected but faithful wife, the Durbhagā, who is advised to make the best of a bad job. Of the less virtuous wife, who becomes the centre of other men's intrigue, possibilities of adultery are considered by our author in the next section, in which he alludes also to modes of abnormal satisfaction (v. 6. 1-3), as well as incest with the husband's brother (a woman with many Devaras being spoken of as a woman of easy virtue, v. 1. 52) or even with the step-son (v. 6. 36).

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[1] Although in another context he speaks (iii. 1. 6) of marriageable girls, somewhat cynically, as a kind of merchandise (*paṇya-sādharmatva*)—a phrase which he also uses, though there quite properly, in describing the prostitute (vi. 1. 7).

The fifth (Pāradārika) is a much longer section, concerned with the topic of other people's wives, with reference to the fitness, attendant difficulty and danger, and future effect of affairs with them. Vātsyāyana accepts Goṇikāputra's dictum that a woman desires every handsome man she sees, and so does a man every handsome woman, but they do not, from various considerations, proceed further. These considerations he analyses, and recommends circumspection and careful observation of each other's mind and behaviour. He considers cases of women who are easy and who are difficult to win over, as well as men who succeed and who fail, mentions ways of testing a woman's mind, and gives advice in detail regarding methods of approach by one's own self or by means of go-between, fully recognising the unsteadiness of the human mind (v. 3. 6), but with a warning not to try two women at the same time (v. 2. 25). It is curious that in this connexion Vātsyāyana discredits the common belief that a man cares little for a woman who is easily won and desires one who is difficult to win. This is followed by a special chapter, called 'Lust of Rulers' (Īśvara-kāmita), on amour, with other people's wives, of persons in exalted position and authority, to whom the luxury of polygamy and society of courtesans did not suffice. To such reprehensible but incorrigible people, Vātsyāyana forbids, for reasons of prudence, direct approach of a woman by themselves, and instructs adoption of various means, chiefly through go-betweens. In this connexion he refers to certain infamous local customs, which gave licence in various ways to kings to enjoy wives of their subjects, in countries like Andhra, Vatsagulma, Vidarbha, Aparāntaka and Saurāṣṭra. On the other hand, the conduct of women in the royal harem receives special treatment from our author, since the existence of polygamy and rigid seclusion exposed these unsatisfied women to the temptation of secret lovers and the abuse of artificial phallus and other abnormal contrivances (Apadravya). Insistence is laid on proper precaution for guarding the harem from male instrusion ; but reference is also made to scandulous local customs prevailing in Aparāntaka, Ābhīra, Vatsagulma, Vidarbha, Strīrājya, Gauḍa, Aṅga, Vaṅga, Kaliṅga, Sindhu and the Himalayan regions, where women of the harem were notorious in obtaining, in various ways, different kinds of secret lovers. Among circumstances which cause loss of woman's chastity and which should be remedied, Vātsyāyana mentions : too much social activity ; freedom from control ; loose morals, jealousy or long absence abroad of the husband ; want of restraint in relation to other men ; living in a foreign land ; want of means of livelihood ; and company of wanton women. Regarding affairs with these closely guarded women, our author warns that the Nāgaraka should not enter a royal herem ; if he does so, he should take proper precaution. It should be noted that Vātsyāyana does not cast a charm over illicit love, nor does he invest it with a halo of romance, but he approaches the delicate subject with the detachment of an observer and merciless analysis of a logician.

The sixth section (Vaiśika), based chiefly on Dattaka's lost work, is concerned with the allied subject of the harlot and is written in the same spirit. The topic is also dealt with, from a somemhat different point of view, by Bharata in his *Nāṭya-śāstra* (ch. xxiv) as Vaiśika Upacāra or Vaiśikī Kalā ; but there is nowhere in Sanskrit such a realistic and comprehensive treatment as we have it in Vātsyāyana's work. We have seen that the East, unlike the West, had the good sense to recognise the unfortunate prostitutes as a part of human society ; and so long as they possessed certain social qualification and behaved with decency, they were treated (as the *Artha-śāstra* shows) with consideration, and sometimes (as the *Kāma-sūtra* shows) even with respect. With their accomplishments they often became far more acceptable companions than the shrinking maiden or the chaste wife. In this chapter Vātsyāyana starts with the postulate that for the prostitute men exist only for pleasure and livelihood ; and on this basis he gives a shrewd and straightforward account of the harlot's tricks and snares, her subtlety, her natural impulse of love and mercenary motive of gain and loss, her knowledge and intutive perception of men and things, —an account which is too circumstantial to have been derived merely from pedantic book-learning. Three classes of Veśyā are broadly distinguished, namely, she who lives as one man's concubine (Eka-parigrahā), she who resorts to more than one man (Aneka-parigrahā) and she who carries on miscellaneous trade and attaches herself to none (Aparigrahā). The first, Ekacāriṇī, naturally receives more consideration, but what is said of her whorish conduct applies more or less to the others. We have a graphic account of her wanton wiles and pretence of love ; her inevitable mother, real or fictitious, acting as a convenient shield ; her clever means of profit ; her ways of getting rid of her lover when there is no love or money and of reuniting when he acquires fresh wealth and wants to come back. For the other classes, the question is chiefly of fixing a proper price and choosing of lovers by a careful calculation of gain and loss, whether present or future, possible cases of which Vātsyāyana analyses with great skill and knowledge. Among different types of demi-monde are included (vi. 6. 54) the bawd (Kumbha-dāsī), the female attendant (Paricārikā), the secretly and the openly unchaste woman (Kulaṭā and Svairiṇī), the dancing girl (Naṭī), the female artisan (Śilpa-kārikā), the woman who has openly left her family (Prakāśa-vinaṣṭā), the ordinary harlot who lives on her beauty (Rūpājīvā) and the regular courtesan

(Gaṇikā). The seventh and last chapter (Aupaniṣadika), which is comparatively short but somewhat obscure because of its technical terminology, deals with artificial means of increasing youth and beauty, recipes for fascinating and making the desired man or woman submissive, as well as for increasing sexual vigour, ways of artfully exciting passion and use of Apadravyas of various kinds. Incidentally, a reference is made to the custom of temporary marriage of courtesans, which was fully binding for one year,[1] although after one year the man could still retain some, but not exclusive, claim to the woman's company.

This brief survey of Vātsyāyana's *Kāma-sūtra,* rapid and imperfect as it is, will make it clear that this well-composed work not only shows a strikingly wide and deep knowledge of the arcana of love, which have been freely utilised by Sanskrit poets and dramatists to guide them in their description of the amatory condition; but also by its wealth and accuracy of varied content, it affords considerable material to history, psychology, sociology and even medicine. It is not a lightly written tract on sexology merely for the pleasure of the voluptuary or the virtuoso in love, but a serious and scientific composition which approaches the generally forbidden subject as a part of humanistics. It is no use comparing it enthusiastically to modern eugenics or sexual science, which are based on broader philosophical principles, greater historical research and wider physical and psychical experimentation; but it is certainly not a pedantic and superficial production of scholasticism, written that it is with considerable objectivity of observation, understanding and balanced thinking.

The *Kāma-sūtra,* in course of time, became such a definitive treatise that it not only eclipsed all previous works but also diminished the value of later imitative attempts. We can dismiss these later works with just a mention here; for they present no features of essential interest. They are bound to follow authority and fail to evolve independence. They are in effect convenient manuals for the roué, being metrical amplifications mostly of the sex-topics but, curiously enough, they omit with rare exception the subject of the Veśyā. The *Rati-rahasya* of Kukkoka[1] composed sometime before the 13th century, is perhaps the earliest work of this limited type; it professes to follow Vātsyāyana closely, but also claims to have used Nandikeśvara and Goṇikāputra. The *Nāgara-sarvasva* of Padmaśrī[2], written at some uncertain date between the 10th and the 14th century; the *Pañca-sāyaka* of the Maithila Jyotirīśvara Kaviśekhara[3] (1st half of the 14th century): the *Anaṅga-raṅga* of Kalyāṇamalla[4] (16th century); the *Rati-ratna-pradīpikā* of Mahārāja Devarāja[5] (17th century); and the *Rati-mañjarī* (in sixty verses only) of some unknown Jayadeva[6]; all these published texts, and even some unpublished ones, are still smaller or more insignificant works, which concern themselves almost entirely with the subject of sexual union (Sāṁprayogika), or (as the *Anaṅga-raṅga* and *Pañca-sāyaka* do) add some recipes for secret potions and spells for erotic purposes (Aupaniṣadika), a subject upon which the *Rati-rahasya* already enlarges. The only exception is the more extensive *Kandarpa-cūḍāmaṇi* of king Vīrabhadra of the Vaghela dynasty[7], composed in 1577 A.D., which deals with the subject in its entirety; but, as the author himself declares, it is nothing more than an amplified, but faithful, metrical exposition, in seven sections, of Vātsyāyana's standard work.[1]

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[1] The Kalatra-patrikā or document setting forth the terms of contract of such temporary union is referred to in two late Bhāṇas of South India, namely, *Sṛṅgāra-bhūṣaṇa* of Vāmana Bhaṭṭa Bāṇa (end of the 14th century), p. 15, and *Sṛṅgāra-sarvasva* of Nalla Dīkṣita (about 1700 A.D.), p. 18.

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[1] With Kāñcīnātha's commentary, ed. Devidatta Parajuli, Punjab Sanskrit Book Depot, Lahore (no date). Eng. trs. by R. Schmidt, Lotus Verlag: Berlin 1903.

[2] With Jagaj-jyotir-malla's commentary, ed. Tansukhram Sarma, Gujrati Press, Bombay 1921.

[3] Ed. Sadananda Sastri Ghiladia, Punjab Skt. Bk. Depot, Lahore 1921.

[4] Ed. Ramchandra Sastri Kusala, Punjab Skt. Bk. Depot, Lahore 1890; also ed. Vishnu Prasad Bhandari, Chowkhamba Skt. Series, Benares 1923. Eng. trs. (anonymous) for the Kāmaśāstra Society, London and Benares 1885.

[5] Ed. with Eng. trs. by K. Rangasvami Iyengar, Mysore 1923.

[6] The text is to be found in the Kāvya-saṁgraha, compiled by Jivananda Vidyasagar, vol. iii, Calcutta 1888; also ed. P. E. Pavolini in *Giornale della società Asiatica Italiana*, xvii, 1904, p. 317 f.

[7] Ed. Ramchandra Sastri Kusala, Punjab Skt. Bk. Depot, Lahore 1926.

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There is no comprehensive study of Indian Erotics available in English ; but an account of the contents of the published, as well as some unpublished, Kāma-śāstra texts, arranged under different heads, with copious quotation and translation, will be found in R. Schmidt, *Beitraege zur indischen Erotik*, Berlin 1911 (zweite Auflage). One may also profitably consult Haran Chandra Chakladar, *Studies in Vātsyāyana's Kāma-sūtra : Social Life in Ancient India*, Greater India Society : Calcutta 1929 ; P. Peterson, Vātsyāyana on the Duties of a Hindu Wife in *Journal of the Anthrop. Society of Bombay*, 1892, pp. 459-66, and Courtship in Ancient India (as given in the Kāma-sūtra) in *Journal of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1892. Also useful for reference are R. Schmidt, *Liebe und Ehe im alten Indien*, Berlin 1904 (mostly translation of selected texts), and J. J. Meyer, *Sexual Life in Ancient India*, in 2 vols., London. 1930 (which, however, deals chiefly with the Epics and has little direct bearing on Erotics). On the sixty-four subsidiary Śilpa-kalās. see A. Venkatasubbiah and E. Müller in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1914, pp. 355-67. Editions and translations of the published Kāma-śāstra texts have been mentioned in the body of this essay.

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[1] For specimen text, with trs. of another work, named *Rati-śāstra* of Nāgārjuna, with Smara-tattva-prakāśikā commentary of Rāvaṇārādhya, see R. Schimdt in *Wiener Zeitschrift für die Kunde des Morgenlandes*, xviii, 1904, p. 261 f. and xxiii, 1909, p. 180 f. A *Rati-ramaṇa* of Siddha Nāgārjuna appears to have been published by Ganguly and Co., Calcutta 1909.

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